WHEN CANADA WAS NEW FRANCE

GEORGE LOCKE

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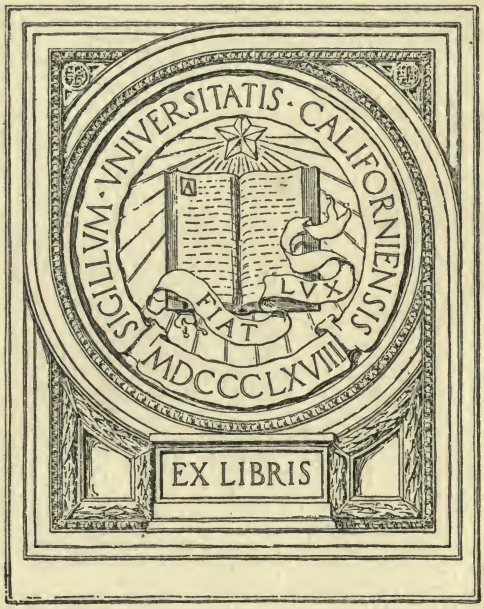
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THE LANDING OF THE CANADIANS IN FRANCE, 1915.

WHEN CANADA WAS NEW FRANCE

BY

GEORGE H. LOCKE

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Love of country is born
of a knowledge of its institutions,
its traditions and history
wherein are revealed
the lives of its people
and their heroic achievements.

WITH SEVEN
ILLUSTRATIONS

PUBLISHED AT THE END OF THE
GREAT WAR BY

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INTRODUCTION.

The Great War has had a special meaning for Canadians. Soldiers from our shores, citizen-soldiers, have been landing on the northern coast of France in tens of thousands, and passing through the same seaport towns whence nearly four hundred years ago men sailed forth to the westward to discover a fabled land.

This country, discovered by the French and colonized by them and by the English, this land which was now French and now English as the fortune of war changed in Europe as well as in America, has become a nation, and when the time of trial came and danger threatened the ancestral homes in the two Motherlands, Canada hesitated not a moment but offered her services in the cause of freedom.

Canada has been fighting more truly perhaps than any other nation in what we speak of as "the common cause," and it is to make clear to ourselves as well as to others the great meaning of this in the development of nationality in our Dominion that this story of the two cen-

turies when Canada was New France has been told and in this form.

The early history of Canada is a history of men, and if Canada is to become a great nation, its future history will depend upon the development of men who can and will inspire, guide and lead us to the greater things.

This is not intended for children only, but for the youth of every age, those who are young enough to enjoy a story and who know not, or know but dimly, our wonderful history during the two hundred years of our country when its history was bound up with that of the two great empires of France and England, France of the times of Henry of Navarre and of Richelieu, England of the days of the Tudors and of the Pitts.

The frontispiece of this little book illustrates a dramatic incident in our history. The landing of the Canadians at St. Nazaire in 1915 to help Old France against the ruthless invader brings to one's mind the landing of a French exploring expedition under Cartier nearly three hundred years ago when the flag of France was raised high upon the cliff of Gaspe and the newly discovered land was called New France. Our thanks are due to the Canadian War Memorials

Committee for permission to reproduce this picture.

To the kindness of Dr. John M. Clarke, the Director of the New York State Museum, himself a contributor to the history of New France, we are indebted for the great privilege of reproducing the illustrations of the Iroquois Indian Groups which form the Myron H. Clark Memorial in the Museum at Albany. They portray the aboriginal activities of the Confederacy of the Six Nations.

GEORGE H. LOCKE.

WHEN CANADA WAS NEW FRANCE

OLD FRANCE.

Le Gaulois semble au saule verdissant :
Plus on le coupe et plus il est naissant,
Et rejetonne en branches davantage,
Prenant vigueur de son propre dommage.

—RONSARD.

The Gaul is like the verdant willow-bush :
The more you prune, the more it's lithe and lush,
Shooting a crown of branchy twigs all round,
And draws new life and vigour from a wound.

CHAPTER I.

CARTIER AND THE ST. LAWRENCE

"He told them of the river, whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave ;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over sea."

—Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee.

Almost four hundred years ago, when bluff King Hal ruled over Merry England and Francis over Sunny France, there were strange stories told in the ports of the west of England and the north of France of lands away to the Westward. The voyage of Columbus was the talk of Europe, and while the Spaniards were joyfully telling how he had come to the edge of a great new world which would give them a new route to the marvellous East with all its treasures, John Cabot, of the port of Bristol, the pioneer of English adventurers, sailed off to the west and it is likely saw the continent itself as soon as did Columbus. Both Columbus and

Cabot discovered islands first, Columbus on his way to the west, Cabot after he had passed along the coast.

So, from the northern country of England, as well as from the southern land of Spain, the men of the seaports talked of nothing as much as the great land over the sea. It was but natural that the hardy mariners of the northern French ports should join in the search, and for nearly half a century vessels manned by the more adventurous spirits visited the cod banks of Newfoundland and brought back cargoes of fish.

One can picture the interest that would be aroused in a port like Bristol in England or St. Malo or Dieppe in France when a vessel came back to harbour after an absence of many months and the mariners spun their tales of adventure to an eager audience. It was in this kind of an atmosphere, hearing these stories and wishing that he would grow old quickly so that he too could go and see these lands, that Jacques Cartier grew up. He was a clever and ambitious boy and when he became a master mariner had made such a reputation that the King sent for him to discuss the possibility of finding an opening in the coast of America in the vicinity of Newfoundland, which was then

thought to be but a projection of the eastern coast of Asia. There is no doubt that Cartier had made trips to the fishing banks many times in company with his fellow fishermen of Brittany, whose enterprise is preserved to us in the name of Cape Breton.

King Francis was anxious that France should have a share in the great discoveries that so far had been made by England and by Spain. Indeed, the whole land had been claimed by the King of Spain and Francis is said to have been so annoyed by this statement that he exclaimed :

"I should like to see the clause in our father Adam's will which bequeathed to him this fine heritage."

It was on an April day in 1534 that Cartier set sail in two ships of 60 tons each to find what was beyond the shores known to the sailors, and in the hope that he would be able to penetrate to India and the treasures of the East by a shorter route. On his way out, and in what are known now as the Straits of Belle Isle, he passed a great ship which had sailed from Rochelle, thus proving that those straits and the adjacent waters were known to the French mariners.

Cartier and his ships kept on westward, and

SENECA HUNTER GROUP

This group represents a Seneca family clustered about the door-yard of their hunting lodge, each individual being engaged in his allotted duties. The old father, who no longer goes to war (indicated by his clothing and hair), is bringing in a fawn. The mother is busy skiving a dry deer skin, while the daughter is cutting strips of venison for "jerking." The elder son is a hunter and warrior and the younger son is burning down a tree which obstructs the yard. The wad of clay about the tree trunk confines the flames. The exterior of the hunting cabin is shown on the left.

The scene depicts Canandaigua lake with Ganundewa, the sacred hill of the Senecas, in the distance.

The time is early morning and the season midspring.

The purpose of this group is to depict a Seneca family during the hunting season. The activities represented show the utility of the deer as a source of raw material. Deer meat was a favorite food, the skin furnished leather for mats, bags, clothing and thongs. The antlers and bones were used for tool material, the jaws for scrapers, the hoofs for ornaments and the hair for stuffing cushions. The group also faithfully represents the various costumes ornamented with hair embroidery.

we can imagine his feelings when they passed from the cold straits where doubtless he had seen icebergs, into a part of what is now the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the heat of July was so oppressive that he called it the Bay of Chaleur (heat), a name preserved to this day. On these shores they found gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries and roses growing in abundance and the rivers were full of salmon. They reached what we call Gaspé on July 24th, and at once raised a great cross with a shield on which were the lilies of France and "Vive le Roi de France."

The Indians (for Cartier thought and hoped that he was on the road to India) were friendly, and Cartier persuaded two sons of the chief to go back to France with him. Being unprovided for a longer stay and fearful of the stormy weather, he set sail for home and entered the harbour of St. Malo early in September.

For a person of his imagination and daring and with the two Indian princes to show to the court of France, there were no difficulties in getting ready an expedition for the next year, and in July, 1535, he left St. Malo with three small vessels. One can picture the excitement in that seaport town when the vessels weighed anchor and stood out to sea, vessels

commissioned by the King and commanded by a son of St. Malo who had proved his worth already, and who had on board the evidence of his discoveries in the persons of the Indian princes now on their way back home with him.

In August he was in the great Gulf, and aided by the knowledge of these princes, he sailed boldly on until he saw the banks drawing together and he realized that he was going out of the gulf into a great river. They stopped at the narrows where Quebec now stands and met the Indian chief, Donnaconna, in his village of Stadacona, which in the language of the Huron-Iroquois, means "wing," the formation of land between the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers. This chief they saluted as the Lord of Canada, the chief of the village or collection of huts. This is the first time we meet the word "Canada," a collection of huts, for Cartier had taken possession of the country as New France.

Nearly four hundred years afterwards, from the same port went forth great vessels bearing tens of thousands of troops from Canada to help old France against the ruthless invader.*

Cartier was told of the great river which stretched on for miles and that after many days'

* Colonel George Nasmith in his book, "On the Fringe of the Great Fight," tells of the departure of this first contingent of the

journey there was a large town. He gave the river the name "St. Lawrence," and up it he made his way, astonished at the beauty and grandeur of the ever-changing scene. And in those days it must have been wonderful, for he tells us that he was impressed with the great trees on the banks, the oak, the walnut, birch and willow and with the vines heavy with grapes. It was September, and even to this day with so many of those features gone, it would be difficult anywhere to find a more impressive and beautiful journey than from the ancient Quebec to the almost as ancient Montreal, when autumn tints the trees.

It was in the last days of this autumn month that he entered the expansion of the river, which is now called Lac St. Pierre, so named nearly a century afterwards by Champlain and known to many to-day by Drummond's famous poem.*

Canadian Expeditionary Force in the autumn of 1914 within six weeks of the outbreak of the Great War.

"Imperceptibly the pier and the lights of the city receded and we steamed down the mighty St. Lawrence to our trysting place on the sea. The second morning afterwards we woke to find ourselves riding quietly at anchor in the sunny harbour of Gaspe with all the other transports about us, together with four long grey gunboats, our escort upon the road to our great adventure. . . . . Never before had there been gathered together a fleet of transports of such magnitude—a fleet consisting of 33 transports carrying 33,000 men, 7,000 horses, and all the motors, wagons, and equipment necessary to place in the field not only a complete infantry division and a cavalry brigade, but in addition to provide for the necessary reserves."

* "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" :

"On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre," etc.

Landing on October 2nd he found the well-built town of Hochelaga, and was welcomed by the inhabitants, the first white man they had ever seen. The reception must have been impressive to both parties, and was made still more so by the Indians taking Cartier up on the great hill to which he gave the name of Mount Royal, and from which he looked over fields of maize and beans and peas and wild fruits, with the silver river winding its way among the beautiful foliage of the autumn, and away in the distance the faint outline of what now are known as the Adirondacks of New York State and the Green Mountains of Vermont. His men were full of wonder and it is interesting to read that what attracted them most was "a great pile of rats, which live in the water and are as large as rabbits and are wonderfully good to eat."

He returned to Quebec, where he built huts in which to spend the winter. Unaccustomed to so severe a climate and not well provisioned, disease broke out and so many of his men died that when spring came and he set sail for France he had to abandon one of his vessels, "La Petite Hermine."

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* These are known to us as muskrats, the Algonquin name being mooskovesson, from which we get the name of the fur, musquash.

Cartier had a story worth telling. Whereas Columbus had touched the New World and Cabot had sailed along its shores, Cartier had penetrated a thousand miles into the continent —"Up the greatest river without comparison that is known to have ever been seen," as Cartier told the King, and when he stood on Mount Royal on that October day he was the only white man in all that country now known as Canada and the United States of America. It makes one think of another great adventurer who, at almost the same time, upon the same continent, is depicted as standing " silent upon a peak in Darien."*

This was Cortez of Spain and so we have the French and the Spanish in the North American continent.

To confirm his story and to illustrate the transfer of the land to France, Cartier took back with him Donnaconna and two other chiefs who were presented to the King. They really were kidnapped, and sad to tell they did not live to return to their own land.

When Cartier reached France there were serious political troubles which prevented the authorities from acting at once, and so it was not until 1538 that Francis took up the question

* Keats : "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer."

of New France overseas. He organized an expedition of which Lord Roberval was to be chief and Cartier captain-general, and with a crew recruited mainly from the prisons Cartier left St. Malo in 1541, sailed up the St. Lawrence, explored the rapids (afterwards known as La Chine), spent a miserable winter and returned to St. Malo a disappointed man. The Indians had lost faith in him, for when they welcomed him and asked for their chiefs, whose loss they had felt keenly, Cartier told them that the chiefs had stayed in France, whereas they had died. Superseded at home by political favourites, and distrusted in New France by the natives, Cartier retired from the sea, his name passes from history and the first chapter of the history of New France comes to an end.

CHAPTER II.

CHAMPLAIN.

"There are few chapters in history so full of romantic interest, so compelling in their demands for sympathy and admiration, as the record of the century and a half that began with the wooden fortress of Champlain under the bluff at Quebec, and ended with the fall of Montcalm on the Heights of Abraham."

—Hon. Elihu Root.

Champlain and the Great Lakes.

On the Bay of Biscay, on the west coast of France, and not very far from Rochelle, there is a small village now some miles from the sea, but which in the days of Cartier and for some years after was a flourishing seaport. This is called Brouage, and is almost a deserted village to-day, the sea having receded and the railway passed it by. The great salt marshes are still there to remind one of the time when cargoes of salt were shipped from this harbour, and where ships, then considered great, found safe anchorage.

In this seaport, with its face to the great mysterious Western land, young Samuel de Champlain, son of a sea captain, grew up during

the stirring times of civil war in France. When a boy of nine* his city was captured by Henry of Navarre, who, after years of struggle, during which were many mighty deeds of valour, finally overcame his enemies, entered Paris in triumph, and was crowned King of France. Indeed, the struggle was so long that Champlain grew up sufficiently to be accounted a gallant officer in Henry's army.

When peace was declared and the country had settled down, Champlain in his love for adventure entered the service of the King of Spain, and made trips to the West Indies, going inland in America even to the city of Mexico.

On his return he made a report to the King of France, concerning this Western land, in the hope that his own country might once more send expeditions of discovery. In this report he says: "One might judge if the territory four leagues in extent, lying between Panama and the river were cut through, he could pass from the South Sea to that on the other side, and thus shorten the route by more than fifteen

*There is in the museum of the Chateau de Ramezay in Montreal a part of the rock that formed the key stone of the arch over the doorway (which is reproduced) of the house, in which it is said Champlain was born. This was presented by President J. H. Finley, of the University of the State of New York, who visited Brouage when writing his famous book, "The French in the Heart of America."

hundred leagues. From Panama to Magellan would make an island and from Panama to the Newlands (Newfoundland) would make another, so that the whole of America would be in two islands."

Three hundred years afterwards this was done, and by the people of a country then undiscovered, and supplies from the Pacific Coast of that great nation passed through that canal to help the cause of the France which Champlain loved and served so well.

During the years of civil strife in France, the exploration of the Western world was being pushed forward by the merchant adventurers of England, and especially of Spain. Spies from the court of Spain watched every port and sent home the news of prospective sailings so that these rivals might be intercepted and America be preserved for Spain.

But now that peace was established enterprising mariners of the northern seaports of France remembered the expeditions of Cartier, and so the governor of Dieppe induced Champlain to undertake a voyage to New France. They left that port in March, 1603, and after coasting along the shores of Newfoundland, Anticosti and Cape Breton, sailed up the St. Lawrence and anchored at Tadoussac at the

mouth of the Saguenay. Thence Champlain made a journey up the great river to Hochelaga, which in Cartier's time was a flourishing town. Now all was deserted and nothing remained of what had been a great Indian community. Gathering up what furs they could, Champlain and his party sailed for home, which they reached in September.

This was a journey of inspection, spying out the land, and the King was so impressed by Champlain's account that he gave his patronage to a larger expedition. This was under the command of Sieur de Monts, a nobleman, with Champlain as the King's geographer, and was sent out in the hope that a colony might be established, and so actual possession of New France might be maintained against European nations who were claiming parts of the New World.

De Monts became the first Lieutenant-Governor of New France, and with nobles, soldiers, priests, and peasants, about 120 in all, his little fleet discovered and entered the harbour and river of St. John on the 24th of June, 1604, exactly to the day one hundred and seven years after the discovery of Newfoundland by Cabot ; and there on the island of St. Croix (Holy Cross) established a colony, the only

settlement of Europeans north of Florida. It was an exceptionally severe winter and the colonists suffered almost as much as Cartier's men so many years before at Quebec.

In the spring Champlain set out to find some place for the settlement which might have a more congenial climate. Although he went south and passed the islands at the mouth of what is now the harbour of Portland, Maine, and even entered the harbour of Boston, he returned to Port Royal in Nova Scotia, the situation of which had appealed to him, and there the colony moved.

It was a prosperous settlement, and it is of interest in these days of grain growing, hydro-power development and ship building in Canada to know that these settlers raised the first wheat grown in America ; here was used the first wheel to turn a millstone upon this continent ; and in this harbour in 1606 the first Canadian vessel was built.

The position on the sea, with fertile soil and great forests near by, was very attractive, and perhaps is best described by Longfellow centuries afterwards :

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,

Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

To-day in its loneliness it reminds one of Brouage and it is difficult to think that it has been the most besieged city in America.

But it was when Champlain came back from France in 1608, after a year's absence from the colony, that our great interest begins, for then he determined to press inland and re-assert the sovereignty claimed for France by Cartier. The bold headland where Cartier had spent the winter had attracted his attention upon his previous voyage, and so he founded there in 1608 a town, really the capital of New France, and to it he gave the native Algonquin name, "Quebec," which means "the narrowing of the stream."

In the following year he went up the St. Lawrence, and finding a party of Huron and Algonquin Indians about to set out on an expedition against their great enemy, the Iroquois, who were encroaching upon Algonquin territory near what is now Lake Champlain, he joined with them, thinking thereby to establish

friendly and profitable relations with such powerful tribes. The result was that he made the fighting Iroquois the everlasting and unrelenting enemies, not only of himself but of France.

This was one of the great fights of history, full of meaning in the after years of Canadian life. When the Algonquins came within fighting distance of their adversaries they opened ranks, and Champlain, steel armour on breast and thighs, a plumed helmet on his head, a sword at his side, and a musket in his hands, stepped out to the front, and for the first time the Indians saw the death-dealing firearms of the white man.*

In his own words :

"I looked at them and they looked at me. When I saw them getting ready to shoot their arrows at us, I levelled my arquebus which I had loaded with four balls and aimed straight at one of the chiefs. The shot brought down two and wounded another."

This day of fateful beginnings was two months before Hudson discovered the river that

* Three hundred years afterwards this battle scene was reproduced on Lake Champlain by descendants of the Iroquois, and this illustration of the great matters which are kindled by little fires was portrayed by the Indians with a zest that drew great audiences and held them spellbound.

bears his name and eleven years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed upon the stern and rock-bound coast of America. One of our own poets, Bliss Carman, pictures the setting out of the expedition :

"On such a day three hundred years ago
By toilsome trails, and slow,
But with the adventurer's spirit all aflame
The great discoverer came
Finding another Indies that he guessed
To reward his darling quest
And fill the wonder-volume of Romance,
The sailor of Little Brouage, the founder of New France,
Sturdy, sagacious, plain
Samuel de Champlain."

During the next few years Champlain crossed the sea almost annually and arranged for the development of the fur trade, for which he established a post on the site of the ancient Hochelaga and where Montreal now stands. Then he resumed his search for the great "Western Sea" which lured on these early adventurers, or some outlet through the great continent to the fabled land beyond; and in 1613 he followed up the waterway of the St. Lawrence by going up the Ottawa beyond where now is the capital of the Dominion of Canada. His journey really began when he left the end of the island of Montreal at the confluence of

the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, where St. Anne de Bellevue now stands and where, many years after, Tom Moore, the famous Irish poet, lived for a short time and wrote the Canadian Boat Song .*

He soon came back, his information having proved unreliable, and he returned to France to make his report on the fur trade and the state of the country. He set sail again in 1615 for New France, having with him four Franciscan Fathers called Recollet friars from the convent in Brouage, who were anxious to convert to Christianity the savages of this great new world of which Champlain had told them.

He stayed but a short time at Quebec as he wished to follow up a party of Huron and Algonquin Indians who had gone up the Ottawa to gather the tribes for a raid against the Iroquois. With them went Father Le Caron, one of the Recollets who had come out from Brouage with Champlain.

Accompanied by Etienne Brulé, his interpreter, a brave and skilful woodsman, Champlain's party went up the Ottawa, crossed over

*"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

THE RETURN OF THE WARRIORS

The advance party of a Mohawk war expedition has returned to Theonondiogo (Two Noses), the Mohawk capital (1634). They have brought with them two Mahikan Indian captives from the vicinity of Skanehtade (Albany).

One prisoner in defiance has thrown down his burden and his captor is about to strike him when a chief woman of the village coming up the steep hill interposes by holding up a string of white ransom wampum saving the captive from death. Another warrior examines the bag of booty dropped by the prisoner. To the right near the stockade wall is seen a Mohawk war chief in full regalia leading a captive Mahikan, who bends beneath his burden. In the background is a figure calling the rest of the warriors to the hilltop council.

The scene is laid on the hill overlooking the ancient Mohawk site of Two Noses, just above the present village of Sprakers in the Mohawk valley, and the observer is looking north toward the foothills of the Adirondacks.

The purpose of this group is to illustrate (1) the treatment of prisoners, (2) the authority of the Iroquois woman, (3) the difference between the Mohawks and the Hudson river Mahikans, (4) an Iroquois village with its stockade wall, (5) a typical Mohawk valley landscape in Indian times.

the divide from the Upper Ottawa and launched their canoes on Lake Nipissing. Thence they paddled down the French River into Lake Huron. One can imagine the joy of Champlain when he saw this great body of water stretching away beyond his vision and which he christened Mer Douce (Fresh Water Sea). This was the first of the Great Lakes to be discovered by a white man, and Champlain, with Le Caron and Brulé, were the first white men to sail on its waters.

Down the shore they went for more than a hundred miles until the Indians came to the outlet of a well-known trail leading into the heart of the territory of the Hurons, to the palisaded town of Otoucha. This part of the country had many permanent Indian villages whose inhabitants were more agricultural than those in the east, and Champlain was greatly impressed with the fields of maize and pumpkins and sun flowers. Here he found Le Caron, who had preceded him on the journey, and on August 12th, 1615, the first mass, the first religious service in what was afterwards known as Upper Canada, was celebrated in what is now the township of Tiny, near Penetanguishene, in the county of Simcoe. This event was commemorated three hundred years later by the

Archbishop of Toronto, who celebrated mass as nearly as possible on the same spot, and to mark which a monument has been erected.

The Indians gathered up their warriors and started southward. When the expedition reached Lake Simcoe, Brulé left Champlain that he might go directly south and persuade an Indian tribe who lived in that part of the country west and south of where Buffalo now stands, to join them against the Iroquois. Brulé paddled up the Holland river, crossed over the height of land and thence down the Humber river until he came to its mouth where the city of Toronto now stands. He was the first white man who saw Lake Ontario ; and this was some five years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Champlain in the meantime crossed Lake Simcoe, portaged to Balsam Lake, thence through the Otonabee River, Rice Lake, and the Trent River, into Lake Ontario, which he too saw for the first time, and with his Huron companions crossed over to the country of the Iroquois. The raid was a failure, and Champlain, himself wounded, returned with the retreating Hurons and spent the winter with them in Huronia on the Georgian Bay.

The remaining years of Champlain's life were spent in trying to build up this little

colony* in a vast country and reconciling the conflicting elements in it. The most important event was the capture of Quebec in 1629 by an English fleet under Sir David Kirke, a descendant of French Huguenots who had taken refuge in England. Those were times when news travelled slowly, and much to their mutual surprise it was found that a peace had already been signed between England and France, and so Quebec was restored to France in 1632 and Champlain, who had been taken to England as a prisoner, was released and restored to his governorship.

But his spirit was failing, and on Christmas Day, 1635, one hundred years after Cartier had first sailed up to the great rock at the narrowing of the stream, this brave soldier, resourceful general, and true gentleman, passed away in the country which he loved and in the city he had founded.

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* When Quebec was taken in 1629 the white population in that city was only 60, and in the whole of Canada, less than 100, whereas the English colony of Virginia had more than 4,000 souls.

CHAPTER III.

JOLIET, MARQUETTE AND THE RIVER OF A HUNDRED THOUSAND STREAMS.

"The first French followers of the river courses were devotees of a religion for the salvation of others, bearers of advancing banners for the glory of France, and lovers of nature and adventure."

—PRESIDENT J. H. FINLEY.

JOLIET AND MARQUETTE.

Frontenac landed at Quebec in 1672 as governor of New France, full of plans for the development of the country, the extension of its boundaries, and the exploration of "the fabled West that is charted dim but certain in the volume of the breast," as our own Bliss Carman phrases it. He found among the coureurs des bois (runners of the woods) a native Canadian, Louis Joliet, the son of a wagon-maker in Quebec, a man reputed to be courageous, enterprising, of good nature and endowed with common sense. Him he commissioned to go up to Sault Ste. Marie and thence explore for the great South Sea. This

was an exceedingly wise choice and due to the advice of the Intendant, M. Talon, a very able man, who knew of Joliet's previous exploits.

Some three years previously the governor of the time, Courcelles, sent Joliet to learn the truth about the reputed copper deposits on Lake Superior. He went by the great highway of the Ottawa river, Lake Nipissing and French River to Georgian Bay, and thence to the Sault. On his return he went down Lake Huron from the Sault through what we now call St. Clair and Detroit, and then along the north shore of Lake Erie and up the Grand River. The reason for leaving the lake at this point was the fear of his Indian guide for the warlike tribes at the end of the lake.

Joliet was the first white man known to have passed through Lake Erie and this lake was the last of the Great Lakes to be discovered. Leaving the Grand River he was making his way eastward when in an Indian village in what is now known as the Beverley Swamp, near the present city of Galt, he met La Salle, Galinée and his Sulpician companion, Father Dollier. La Salle, greatly impressed by the dashing Joliet, who was much more to his taste than his priestly companions, turned back with him.

It was to this seasoned explorer that the commission was given and he left for the Sault, near which he was told he would find Father Marquette, who would be his companion. Marquette was of a noble family of Laon, a city of Northern France, associated with nearly all the epoch-making incidents in the history of France, and which has been one of the great centres of fighting on the Western Front in the Great War of to-day. His mother was Rose de la Salle of Rheims. Marquette had been in the country about five years, and after two years of training in the mission at Three Rivers had been sent to the remnants of the Huron nation driven north-westward by the Iroquois, until near the western end of Lake Superior they established themselves in a village where they hoped to be far enough away from their great enemy to recover themselves. Hither in the summer came wandering Indians of a tribe called the Illinois, who told Marquette of the great river which flowed through their country, of the fertile lands, and how glad they all would be if he would visit them. After the village was broken up by the Sioux Indians, the Hurons determined to go back to more familiar haunts and settled at Michillimackinac, fifty miles to the south-west of the Sault. Marquette ac-

companied them and there he was found by Joliet.

They spent the winter making their plans for the journey, and in May, 1673, they started westwards with their party of Frenchmen and Indians, through Lake Michigan to Green Bay. Thence up the bay they went and up the Fox River to its source. A short portage over a narrow strip of prairie and they dropped their canoes into water flowing southwards, now the Wisconsin River, and after about 40 leagues they glided out into the great river, the Mississippi, first christened by a religious name, then called by a statesman's name and finally back to its Indian name, with the significant meaning of "great water."*

Down they floated through the land of the buffalo and the wild turkey, until seeing upon the bank traces of men, they landed and came to the villages of the Indian tribe who had invited Marquette to visit them. The Black Gown, the distinctive garb of the Jesuit brotherhood, was at once recognized and here they stayed for some days, exchanging gifts and courtesies and making enquiries about the further reaches of the river.

Before leaving these friendly Indian villages

* River of the Holy Ghost, Colbert, and finally Mississippi.

the Illinois Indians gave them a calumet, or pipe of peace, as a safeguard for them in their passage through hostile savages, probably just to show to the savages by using their own sign that they were coming in friendship. The calumet used by these Indians was made of a bowl of red stone with a long stick as a stem. This stick was covered along its whole length with heads of birds all coloured like flame, while a bunch of red feathers shaped like a great fan adorned the middle of the stick.

Southwards again they went as far as the Arkansas, where, fearing the Spaniards, who were in that part of the country, they turned northwards, and following the advice of the Indians, they entered the Illinois River. Marquette was greatly impressed with the fertility of that wonderful valley, and well he might be, for his experience hitherto in New France had not been in very fertile regions. "I have seen," said he, "nothing like this river for the fertility of the land, its prairies, woods, wild cattle, stag, deer, wild cats, bustards, swans, ducks, parrots and even beaver, its many little lakes and rivers."

On that river, in the great Indian village of Kaskaskia, seven miles below the present city of Ottawa, Illinois, Marquette was so kindly

treated that he promised to return to them as soon as he could. Following up one of the branches of the river they portaged across only about 1,000 paces and put their canoes into a little stream that emptied into Lake Michigan. That portage is where stands to-day the city of Chicago, the great city of the State called after the Indians for whom Marquette had made the journey. Along the shore they went, across the portage at Sturgeon Bay, and at the end of September reached the mission at Green Bay, where they spent the winter.

Early in the spring they separated, Marquette to return to his mission to recruit his strength that he might redeem his promise to his Indian friends at Kaskaskia, Joliet to report to Frontenac the result of his voyage. Unfortunately, Joliet's canoe was upset in the Lachine rapids and all his papers, including the map of the discovered region, were lost. In his report he said, with the insight of the prophet : "We could easily go to Florida in a ship, and with very easy navigation. It would only be necessary to make a canal by cutting through but half a league of prairie to pass from the foot of the lake of the Illinois (Michigan) to the River St. Louis (Des Plaines),"—and we have lived to see that done in the great sanitary and ship

canal connecting the Chicago River with the Des Plaines River at the present city of Joliet. Joliet held minor positions until 1680, when he was granted fishing rights in the lower St. Lawrence and later the island of Anticosti was included. But in 1690 the English invasion under Phips destroyed his establishment and ten years later he died in poverty.

Marquette, weak in body but with a giant spirit, was preparing himself to fulfil his promise and in the fall of the next year, 1674, he started for Kaskaskia. Bad weather and his physical weakness made him halt so many times that it was April before he reached the village. Here he was welcomed as an angel from heaven, and on the Easter Sunday, before an altar erected on the prairie at the edge of the great wood, he preached to thousands of the Indians as they squatted in a semi-circle, chiefs, young men, women and children, to hear the impressive words of the black-robed missionary.

Leaving them that he might get treatment for his ailment and promising that he never would forget them, he started for home, but he succumbed on the banks of the Great Lake on May 18th, 1675. In compliance with his request, he was buried there, but a year later the Ottawa Indians, finding the grave, opened it,

and took the remains to St. Ignace in a great procession of canoes and buried under the chapel the great priest with solemn ceremonies. Early in the next century the chapel was destroyed by fire. In 1877 the remains of a burned building were discovered at the site of the old mission and the remains wrapped in birch bark were discovered.

Small wonder it is that his name lives throughout that great fertile valley, drained by the river of a hundred thousand streams, the man of courage, kindliness of heart and speech, of unselfish devotion and high ideals, a fitting hero for a land that becoming fabulously rich in material wealth needs the inspiration of the life of the simple, zealous priest who put the good of others above his own pleasure and comfort.

CHAPTER IV.

LA SALLE AND THE GREATER NEW FRANCE.

"The fertile plains of Texas, the vast basin of the Mississippi from its frozen springs to the sultry borders of the gulf ; from the wooded ridges of the Alleghanies to the bare peaks of the Rocky Mountains,—a region of savannas and forests, sun-cracked deserts and grassy prairies, watered by a thousand rivers, ranged by a thousand warlike tribes."

—PARKMAN.

LA SALLE AND THE GREATER NEW FRANCE.

With the exception of Champlain, the most romantic figure in the history of New France is that of La Salle, the young adventurer from Rouen. He landed at Quebec in 1666, the same year as Marquette, and went at once to Montreal where he had relatives among the Sulpician order of priests, to whom most of the island of Montreal belonged. Here he purchased from them an estate or seigniory, as it was called. This was but a few miles west of Montreal, and was called in derision by his friends "La Chine," having reference to La Salle's dream of finding a road to China by following westward.

In preparation for his explorations he settled

down to acquaint himself with the Indian languages, and hearing from some Seneca Indians that there was a great river called the Ohio, which he thought might lead him to the great Western Sea, he joined the expedition of Galinée and Father Dollier, the Sulpician, who were setting out to establish a mission in the Far West. With nine canoes and twenty-one men they skirted the eastern and southern shores of Lake Ontario, and about the middle of September reached the mouth of a river which Galinée describes: "We discovered a river one-eighth of a league wide and extremely rapid." The Indians told them of a great cataract up this river which was "higher than the highest pine trees," and indeed he tells us he could hear the roar. But they had a set purpose and pressed on their way, thus losing the opportunity to be the first white men to visit the Falls of Niagara. Indeed this is the first description of the river by any one who is known to have reached it.

They passed on to Burlington Bay and leaving it about where Hamilton now stands, they struck across the country, and on the 24th of September, in an Indian village in what is known as the Beverley Swamp, near the present city of Galt, they met Joliet returning from his search for the copper mines on Lake Superior.

La Salle was so attracted by Joliet, a kindred adventurer in spirit, that he turned back and left Dollier and Galinée to go on to the West, guided as to their course by the advice of Joliet, who told them of the Pottawatomies, a tribe of Indians to whom no missionary had yet come.

They went down the Grand River and as the season was so far advanced they built a shelter on the lake shore near where Port Dover now stands, erected a .cross and took formal possession of the Lake Erie country in the name of Louis the Magnificent.*

Here they spent the winter and are enthusiastic in their praise of the mildness of the climate and the luscious autumn fruit. This is of great interest to many of us who to-day look upon that county (Norfolk) as one of the greatest fruit centres of the province of Ontario.

La Salle returned east, and we know that during the next few years he was with Frontenac,

* The pomp and splendour of the armies of Louis XIV. was worthy of a prince in a fairy tale. Every campaign ended in a sort of royal pageant ; coaches of crystal and gold, horses draped in cloth of gold, courtiers and conquerors dazzling with diamonds, ladies all silks and plumes and laces.

He built Versailles where two hundred years afterwards the Conference following the Great War of 1914-18 met to settle the terms of peace—"a palace such as the world had never seen, glittering with mirrors and gold, paved and lined with precious marbles, decorated with paintings representing the battles and triumphs of the great monarch and looking over an immense park peopled with bronze and marble statues and reflected in vast sheets of water where lovely fountains played."—DUCLAUX.

and doubtless made many exploration trips. But in 1675 he received from the French Government a grant on Lake Ontario similar to the seigniory at La Chine, and so at Cataraqui, where Kingston now stands, he built a fort to control the trade coming east and to prevent it from going to the English colony in New York. This he called "Fort Frontenac." He was raised to the nobility and was given a commission in 1678 to discover the "Western part of New France" and "to construct forts in the places you may think necessary." This meant that he would seek out the mouth of the great Mississippi and erect a chain of forts which would connect and hold for France the country from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Here was the great chance for which this adventurous man had longed and for which he had toiled, and so in November of that year he began to gather men and material for the great project. He threw himself into this work with energy and was backed up by Frontenac, whose policy had ever been the extension of the boundaries of New France. Indeed, Frontenac had advised the Home Government as early as 1673 that a fort at the mouth of the Niagara River and a vessel on Lake Erie would enable

the French to command the Great Lakes. Like many other Home Governments when urged to progressive measures, Colbert, the Colonial Minister, advised caution.*

When La Salle arrived from Rochelle with these wonderfully indefinite powers these two men saw great possibilities and went to work at once. Ship carpenters, blacksmiths, and other artisans were gathered at the Niagara River, and while a fort was being built at the mouth of the river to cut off the trade of the English, a store house was erected below the Falls near where Lewiston now stands, and a shipyard was planned above the Falls, where a large boat was to be built for the great western expedition. This was the work of La Salle's lieutenant, Henry Tonty. With La Salle was a Récollet priest, Father Hennepin, and to him we owe our first written account of Niagara Falls.

After many disappointments, the Griffon, named after Frontenac's armorial bearing, was

* Colbert had troubles of his own in trying to provide money for the extravagances of his king, Louis XIV. Colbert was the son of a merchant of Rheims, a hard-working, economical minister, a hater of waste and profusion. He was a marvellous administrator ; in ten years he doubled the king's revenues. But his factories and model farms, his canals and his colonies, his fleet, his finance could not bring money in as fast as Louis could spend it. Colbert was at once Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister of Agriculture, Director of the Board of Trade, Chief Lord of the Admiralty, Home Secretary and Colonial Secretary. It was in this last capacity that he had special connection with New France.

launched, equipped, and set sail. Tonty rejoined La Salle on board the Griffon at Detroit. He has an interest for us to-day in that his name is preserved to us in the Tontine plan of insurance, which was the invention of his father, a Neapolitan nobleman. And in a greater sense this Henry Tonty was a nobleman, for through all his wandering and discouragements La Salle found in him a sincere and trustworthy friend. At Mackinac they were to meet with advance guards of traders sent on by La Salle, but most of them had deserted. Gathering up a few whom he thought would be loyal, La Salle made his way to the Illinois River, where a fort was built and a boat begun by Tonty for exploration of the great river. The Griffon was sent home from Green Bay, loaded with furs, and there our knowledge of her ends.

In the meantime La Salle determined to return to Fort Frontenac to get more material and more men to undertake the great journey. By canoe and on foot they crossed Southern Michigan and passed over the Detroit on a raft, thence on foot along the shores of Lake Erie (in the month of March), and utterly worn out he, his faithful hunter, and two white companions reached the Falls, only to hear heart-breaking news. He had travelled more than a thousand

miles in 65 days in the very worst season of the year. There was no news of his ship—his fortune and his hope.

Deceived and even robbed by his men, in addition to all his other disappointments, La Salle, undaunted and undismayed, sent Dautray, one of the white men who had accompanied him, with four others, to reinforce Tonty, and pushed on to Fort Frontenac. As if he had not already enough bad news, just as he arrived at the Fort, messengers from Tonty told him that the men who were building the vessel in the Illinois River had stolen what they could and had deserted. These precious rascals, joined by other deserters, must have been following close behind the messengers, as we hear of them breaking into La Salle's storehouse on the Niagara, looting everything they could and setting out for the East. La Salle heard of it, intercepted some of them, killed two, and took the rest prisoners to Fort Frontenac.

But Tonty must be rescued and the exploration go on, so La Salle gathered men and supplies and started for the West. With twelve men he went up the Humber River, crossed to Lake Simcoe, and thence down the Severn River to the Georgian Bay ; the others with the heavier freight went by Niagara and Lake Erie. They

were to meet at Mackinac, but La Salle could not wait, and hastened on with a foreboding that something awful may have happened to Tonty at his Fort Crevecoeur (broken heart) in the Illinois country.

And when they arrived it was to see where once had been the chief town of the Illinois, nothing but ashes, skulls, and mangled corpses. The Iroquois had been there. Down the river he went looking for Tonty, even into the Mississippi. Discouraged, they turned back to the St. Joseph River and there at Fort Miami, where La Forest was in charge, they settled down for the winter. In the meantime, Tonty, after trying in vain to prevent the battle between the Iroquois and the Illinois, had escaped and after weeks of suffering had reached Green Bay.

La Salle in the spring set out for Fort Frontenac to refit and went by Michillimackinac. We can imagine his joy when he found Tonty, who accompanied him to the East. By October they had arranged their affairs and arrived at Fort Miami in November. Here they organized their expedition of 18 Indians and 23 Frenchmen, and in Christmas week, 1681, they set out. Across Lake Michigan to the Chicago River, thence portaging to the north branch of the Illinois, they entered the Mississippi on February 6th,

but saw no human beings until March 13th, near the mouth of the Arkansas River. Landing there La Salle raised the banner of France, planted a cross, and took possession of the country in the name of the King.

Thence down the river they went for three hundred miles to the Taensas Indians, who lived in large square houses built of mud and straw with a high roof of cane and surrounding a large open court. Soon they came to the mouth or delta of the Mississippi, and going in different parties down the channels they joined together on an island at the mouth, erected a column, and took possession of all Louisiana from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico. And so from Lake Erie west and north to the Rocky Mountains and the Canadian North West, and south from Lake Erie to the Gulf, and west to the Rio Grande was added to the New France whose capital was at the narrowing of the stream of the mighty St. Lawrence.

La Salle had realized his dream, and against obstacles which would have staggered any ordinary man ; and New France now extended from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. They retraced their way up the Mississippi and after a long illness he reached Mackinac, whither he had sent Tonty to

announce their success. It was too late to go to Quebec, and there was a rumour that the Iroquois were on the warpath, so La Salle and Tonty returned to the Illinois and spent the winter of 1682-3 in fortifying Starved Rock, which was to be one of the chain of forts to hold the new country.

But in the meantime Frontenac was recalled, the forward policy entirely changed, and La Salle's own possessions at Fort Frontenac seized. This seemed the cap stone of all his troubles, and he passed eastward in the fall of 1683, reached Quebec in November, and finding his case hopeless, sailed for France to lay his case personally before his King.

He was a wonderful man. His vessels had been wrecked, his goods lost, his possessions confiscated. He had been deserted by his men, been robbed, and yet he retained that faith in himself and in his cause, and so impressed the King that he was given command of an expedition to sail for the mouths of the Mississippi to drive the Spaniards out of North America. They landed somewhere near where Galveston, Texas, now stands, having missed the Mississippi. Again through wrecks and desertion La Salle found his numbers depleted. Added to this, dreadful sickness broke out. La Salle

determined to seek a way out to the Mississippi and thence up to New France. He made repeated attempts, and at last, deserted by nearly all his men who despaired of ever seeing home again, he was shot by one of his own followers on March 18th, 1687.

Thus perished one of the most remarkable men in our history, the first great Imperialist, who had an empire in his brain, and who if he had been given backing would have made a New France greater than Old France could ever hope to be. And the map of North America would have been greatly changed !

Tonty, the faithful friend and companion of La Salle, stayed for some years in the country of the Illinois, joined Iberville in Louisiana in 1702, and died near where Mobile now stands about 1704. Faithful, not only to the erratic La Salle, but also to the Home Government, he received no recompense in any form, but has left for us an undying picture of how true and faithful a friend can be, and under the most trying circumstances.

CHAPTER V.

RADISSON AND THE GREAT NORTH WEST.

"If he had not had his faults, if he had not been as impulsive, as daring, as reckless, as inconstant, as improvident of the morrow as a savage or a child, he would not have accomplished the exploration of half a continent. Men who weigh consequences are not of the stuff to win empires. He went ahead and when the way did not open he went around, or crawled over, or carved his way through.

"Memorial tablets commemorate other discoverers. Radisson needs none. The Great Northwest is his monument for all time."

—AGNES C. LAUT.

RADISSON AND THE GREAT NORTH WEST

Before Joliet, Marquette, or La Salle had made their memorable expeditions in search of the Western Sea, a man unattached to any religious order, and under the protection of no government, had traversed these unknown wilds for the sheer joy of exploration and excitement. The hair-breadth escapes of the hero of modern fiction cannot compare in thrills to the marvellous adventures of this man to whom the country from Quebec to the prairies of the great

North West were alike his hunting and his playground.

This was Pierre Radisson, who left his native St. Malo about a century after the great Cartier, and settled at Three Rivers, which then was a comparatively large place, having a population of about 200 souls.

With the enthusiasm and recklessness of youth he disregarded the warnings of his friends and went duck shooting with a couple of equally reckless and youthful companions. They were but boys and were at the age when Indians had no terrors for them. Separated in the chase, Radisson had splendid luck, and returning to where they had agreed to meet, he found his two companions dead among the rushes. When he looked about, the heads of Indians appeared everywhere. They set upon him, and after a game struggle he was disarmed, stripped, tied around the waist with a rope and brought to the camp fire.

The very recklessness of the youth compelled the admiration of the Indians, who spared his life, gave him his clothes, dressed his hair and daubed his face as of an Indian brave. Though but a boy he showed the coolness in the face of danger which was to characterize him throughout his adventurous life. We are told that he

slept that night between two warriors under a common blanket and so soundly that he was with difficulty awakened at the break of day.

Taking no chances, they tied him to the cross bar of a canoe when the party set off for the Indian village many miles distant. On the fourth day he was released from the cross bar, and being given a paddle, entered with zest into the work of helping onward the canoe. He was a cheerful lad, and the Indians, instead of allowing him to work himself out in his awkward manner, taught him how to give the light feather strokes of the true canoe man. He, in turn, took his share of the burdens, and was always eager to help. Their village was near Lake George in what is now New York State, and there they prepared to make merry with their captives and their plunder. He had to run the gauntlet of the braves, and was so successful that he was sought for adoption by a captive Huron squaw who had been adopted by the tribe. She pleaded for his life before the Great Council and was allowed to take him as her son. He was now a Mohawk of the Iroquois nation.

Watching his opportunity, and with an Algonquin captive, they made their escape, after killing three of the Mohawks ; and after

wandering many days, they were within sight of Three Rivers when the Iroquois overtook them, killed the Algonquin, and Radisson was again a prisoner. He was recognized and subjected to tortures, his thumb being thrust into a pipe of live coals, and the soles of both feet burned. Still worse was in store for him, but his adopted father, a chief among them, and his adopted mother, purchased his freedom by a recital of their own deeds of valour and by gifts of wampum.

This seventeen year old lad seemingly had won the hearts of all. He accompanied them on their expeditions and visited the lodges of the Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, and Cayugas in their wanderings about what is now known as the Niagara district. Indeed, he won the confidence of his Mohawk friends to such an extent that they took him with them when they visited the white man's village of Orange (Albany), and he justified their confidence by returning with them, even though the Dutch offered to pay a great ransom to free him.

He wanted to make himself free and was ever on the alert for the suitable moment. It came in 1653, and alone he made his way back to Orange after many hair-breadth escapes. Here he was befriended—indeed he seemed

always and everywhere to make friends—by a Jesuit priest who gave him enough money to enable him to sail down the Hudson to New York, whence he took boat for Amsterdam, which he reached in 1654, and thence he made his way home to France.

This adventure I have dwelt upon in some detail, because it is an illustration in miniature of his eventful life. One would think there had been enough crowded into these months to suffice for a life time, but the lure of the West was upon him, and his relatives, like himself, had gone overseas.

Therefore he joined the fishing fleet that was sailing for the Banks of Newfoundland, and made his way back to Three Rivers in May of 1654, just two years after he had disappeared.

His sister, Marguerite, had lost her husband in a fight with the Mohawks, and had married Chouart, a famous fur trader. This man was a widower, his wife having been a daughter of Abraham Martin, whose farm near Quebec City was in another century to become famous as the scene of the battle of the Plains of Abraham.

These two men, Radisson and Chouart, became not only fast friends, but inseparable companions in a life of adventure. The traders coming East to dispose of their furs told of a

great country beyond the Great Lakes, and these two lovers of the wild set off up the Ottawa across Lake Huron and Michigan, over what is now Wisconsin, and came to a "mighty river, great, rushing, profound, and comparable to the St. Lawrence." This undoubtedly was the Upper Mississippi, and these two white men were the first to see it and the "farflung, fenceless prairie, where the quick cloud-shadows trail," which make up what we call the Great North West.

The Indians told them of a great river to the south which divided itself in two, the Forked River, the junction of Missouri and Mississippi, but the adventurers decided to make their way back again, and crossing through what is now Nebraska, North Dakota, and Minnesota, they came to Lake Superior and the Sault. Here the Crees told Radisson of a great sea to the north, Hudsons Bay, where there were quantities of furs. So alluring was the description that he set off on snow shoes, but the season was too late and he returned and made his way east. At the rapids of the Long Sault his large party came upon the Iroquois who had massacred Dollard and his noble band of Frenchmen. These they put to flight and as deliverers they made a triumph-

ant journey to Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec.

Their one thought was when could they resume their explorations in the North, and as they could not come to terms with the Governor, who wanted all the profits without assuming any of the risks, they stole away and in October reached Lake Superior. Pressing on they came to where Duluth now stands, and there they established a fur trading post, the first between the Missouri River and the North Pole. This marks the opening of the Great West as truly as when the railway passing through unknown portions of our Great West established a station as a centre of influence and trade.

In the spring they set off with their hosts of the winter, the Crees, to find the Great Sea, and it is possible that they were successful, but after great hardships. However, we know that they returned in 1663 with costly furs, and instead of the welcome which might reasonably be looked for, they were heavily fined by the French governor for trading without a license, and most of their furs were confiscated. They tried to get redress in France, but utterly failed, and so with no support in either Old France or New France they sought out new friends and joined the English in an expedition against

Port Royal. This was unsuccessful, and being taken prisoners by the Dutch they were landed in Spain, whence they made their way to England. This was in 1666, when the great plague was raging in London, and Charles II. and his court were at Oxford.

They met at the court a man who was greatly impressed with their stories, and whose name was to be intimately associated with the great Northland. This was Prince Rupert, the dashing cavalry leader of the Stuarts, who became their patron, outfitted them for exploration, and they set off for Hudsons Bay. Chouart was successful, but Radisson, shipwrecked, returned to England where, in 1670, on the return of Chouart, a "company of adventurers trading with Hudsons Bay" was formed through the influence of Prince Rupert, who became the first governor of the Hudsons Bay Company, to whom was given an empire.

In the following spring ships were sent out, posts established, and so successful was their venture that the French not only sent expeditions and exploring parties northward, but the great gathering of the Indian tribes at the Sault Ste. Marie, which Perrot organized, was to strengthen the French against the English

traders who were trying to divert trade from the posts of the French.

But negotiations in England fell through and Radisson made more satisfactory terms with his old allies, the French, and sailed under that flag to Hudsons Bay, outwitted both the officials of the Hudsons Bay Company and the free traders from New England and France became supreme in the Bay. But again the government of New France threw away the prize, for when Radisson and Chouart arrived at Montreal they were prosecuted for trading without a license. They were summoned to France to explain the circumstances to the Home Government, but when they arrived they found that Colbert, the minister who summoned them, was dead. Chouart, thoroughly discouraged, retired to end his days in quietness, for the outlook was anything but encouraging.

However, Radisson, looking with eagerness still for the life of adventure, and having a family to support, played French against English offers until at last he went across to England and in 1684 he sailed for Hudsons Bay under the flag of the Company. Here he found young Chouart, the son, who had been holding the Bay for France, who, when he heard of the treatment given his father and Radisson, surrendered the

COUNCIL OF THE TURTLE CLAN

The Turtle Clan chiefs of the Onondagas are discussing some important tribal subject within the private bark lodge of their fire-keeper. The presiding chief must give the decision. The chief woman of the clan feels that the council's action is adverse to her interests and requests her secretary, a young man, to register her protest.

The bark cabin is a typical Iroquois lodge of the individual type.

All the furnishings of the council lodge are of genuine Indian make and typical of prehistoric times in an Onondaga village. The figures are cast from living Onondaga models.

The purpose of this group is to illustrate (1) one of the political units of the Iroquois Confederacy, which had a stable government and a definite code of law, (2) the interior of a bark cabin (many of which were more than 100 feet in length), (3) the four Turtle clan sachems in council, (4) the method of recording by wampum the transactions of a council, (5) the privilege of the Iroquois woman to voice her opinions in the highest or lowest councils of the nation, (6) typical Onondaga Indians and a scene in the Onondaga country.

fort and the furs to Radisson, who thereupon gathered the Indian tribes and made a treaty with them and the Hudsons Bay Company, which in essence lasts unto this day. Returning to England they received a great welcome, and for five years Radisson made annual visits to the Bay and the Company flourished.

The great Seven Years' War between France and England broke out in 1688 with the accession of William and Mary, and the Bay was invaded by the French, the fur trade badly disorganized, and the profits of the Company greatly decreased.

As is too often the case with corporations, gratitude for what had been accomplished was wiped out by the disappointment of the present, and Radisson, who had done so much for the company, was ignored ; too old to be of aggressive service to them, he drops out of sight, and is forgotten except for the record of the payment of a small pension up to the year 1710.

His was a wonderful life. Impulsive, yet cool-headed at critical times, daring, reckless and inconstant, but generous and brave, he was the true adventurer who, with no thought of himself, braved danger for the very love of it, and whose memory is preserved among the Indians as one who was untainted by the vices of the white man, who never was cruel and who was admired for his sheer bravery.

CHAPTER VI.

MONTCALM AND THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE.

"The history of French America is far more picturesque than the history of British America in the period of 1608-1754. But the English were doing work more solid, valuable and permanent than their northern neighbours. The French took to the lakes, rivers and forests ; they cultivated the Indians ; their explorers were intent on discovery, their traders on furs, their missionaries on souls. The English did not either take to the woods or cultivate the Indians, they loved agriculture and trade, state and church, and so clung to the fields, shops, politics and churches. As a result while Canada languished, the English states grew up on the Atlantic plain modelled on the Saxon pattern, and became populous, rich and strong. At the beginning of the war there were 80,000 white inhabitants in New France, 1,160,000 in the British colonies."

—PROFESSOR B. A. HINSDALE.

MONTCALM AND THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE.

What the gold mines of Mexico and Peru were to the Spaniards the fur trade of New France was to the French, and until the furs arrived in Montreal or Quebec, they could not be considered safe, for in the Ohio country and especially at the Niagara portage, and even on

the way to Frontenac, they were liable to attack from the English and their Indian allies.

To protect this trade the French built a strong fort at the mouth of the Niagara River, part of which may be seen to-day in what is known as Fort Niagara on the American side of the river. At the head of the portage, above the Falls, there was a smaller fort called Fort Little Niagara.

This was the great trading centre, not only for the district immediately tributary to it, such as Toronto (at the mouth of what is now called the Humber River, and which in summer was very busy) but for all the north-west country which with the development of Detroit had increased in wealth and inhabitants. Toronto was really an outpost of Niagara and was established with the great French forward movement in 1749. It had been officially named Fort Rouillé after the Colonial Minister of the day, who was also a man of letters, and the head of the Royal Library. However, this name was too artificial to survive and the old name for the bay and river, Toronto, maintained its hold upon the people.

In 1749 the French determined upon a great expedition to show their power and assert their sovereignty over the Ohio country and to warn

off all strangers from trading on French territory. So in June of that year with 23 canoes and 250 men they left Lachine, passed through Niagara in July, and made their triumphal way through the Ohio country to Detroit, and thence back to Montreal in November.

The headquarters of the English on the Lakes was at Oswego. This was the great rival of Niagara as a trading centre. When the war had raised the prices in France the French traders at Niagara raised their prices correspondingly—and even more. The Indians grumbled and went on to Oswego, where they could trade with the English to better advantage. The French, feeling that their trade with the Indians was being endangered urged an expedition against Oswego, and in 1756 Montcalm took the place by storm in the greatest battle which up to that time had been fought between the French and the English for control of the Lakes.

This disaster followed closely upon the defeat of Braddock at Duquesne, made especially famous because of the presence of George Washington, the colonial, as junior officer, who, accustomed to the Indian manner of fighting, warned General Braddock, but whose advice the haughty English general thought beneath

notice ; and still more was heaped upon the unfortunate English when Montcalm defeated them at Ticonderoga. It certainly looked as if there must needs be a vigorous policy on the part of the English if they were to have any of the trade on the great inland waters.

Pitt, the Premier of England, saw this and made plans for an aggressive campaign. In 1758 Colonel Bradstreet, with American provincials, captured Fort Frontenac, burned and sank seven vessels of war, captured sixty cannon and destroyed the Fort and incidentally the shipyard, which was the first upon the Great Lakes. This success greatly heartened the English and made them think how simple might be the conquest of other places if they had ships of war. It was the awakening of the English to the importance of "sea power" on the Lakes.

Now Niagara was the centre of French power and influence, situated on the great portage which practically controlled the great trade from the West. The fort had been greatly strengthened during 1756-7, and the English carefully gathered a strong force. It was a real siege, in which the assailing force used trench warfare to make steady and safe advances. After nineteen days the garrison surrendered to

Sir William Johnson, who was ranking commander on account of the deaths of the superior officers during the siege. Sir William had joined the investing force with 900 Indians, the largest number ever led into battle by a white man. When he entered the fort one of the most interesting of his companions was Joseph Brant, a Mohawk lad of 17, destined to become one of the most renowned men of his day. And now the English for the first time had access to the great fur trade.

While speaking of this fort it will be of interest to note that in the common English speech of that day the pronunciation of the name of the fort was Niagàra. Our present pronunciation would have been impossible to the Iroquois tongue, which requires that each syllable should end in a vowel.

While these disasters were overtaking the French on the Lakes, the English under Wolfe had sailed up the St. Lawrence after clearing the coasts below, and were preparing to attack Quebec. Indeed the news of the capture of Niagara, which came at a very opportune moment, greatly heartened the English and correspondingly depressed the French.

The situation was perilous. Fort Frontenac was destroyed, Fort Niagara in the hands

of the English, Amherst was advancing, as part of Pitt's plan, through New York State by way of Oswego, against Montreal, and a strong English force under Wolfe, selected specially for this work by Pitt, was before the capital city of Quebec.

The internal affairs of the country were not promising. Montcalm, the general of the French forces, an able military man of good experience, was not supreme, but had to take his orders from Vaudreuil, the governor, a weak and jealous man, fatal failings in a position of authority. And with almost the powers of the governor, was the Intendant, a man called Bigot, to whose looseness in matters of morals and money may be partially ascribed the loss of New France. The defects of the rulers were to be seen in the officials under them, and it was a difficult task that confronted Montcalm.

The advance against Quebec was made by water, and up to the battle itself the movements were those of a fleet. The commander of the army was General Wolfe, selected by Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, and to him was given what was then the extraordinary privilege of selecting most of his staff and thus providing for unity of aim and community of interest. Saunders was Admiral of the fleet.

At first they lay below the city and tried sundry attacks by land, but without success. Then they made a skilful movement up the river and in a better position to make a direct attack.

Quebec is a natural stronghold, and had to depend largely upon this for protection. Large sums of money had been assigned for the greater development and strengthening of the fortifications, but in those days of corruption and thoughtlessness the money had doubtless been squandered. Its great cliffs might have presented a hopeless appearance to the enemy if properly guarded, but Wolfe knew through his capable Intelligence Department, that there was but little ammunition and little food in the garrison. Above all, there was a lack of intelligence and co-operation among the rulers of the French, an evidence of which was the fact that a great fleet could make its way up the dangerous St. Lawrence with practically no opposition.

Wolfe studied out the situation and, emboldened by the good news from the Lakes, planned an assault by night. Carefully selecting the place, he told no one but the admiral and the captain who was to lead the great procession of boats to the assault. Shortly after

midnight on September 12th, 1759, the boats in line dropped down the river with Wolfe and his staff in the leading boat. They passed successfully a French sentry who thought they were a French convoy, and about four o'clock on that autumn morning Wolfe leaped ashore at a cove about a mile and a half above the city, and led his men up the steep path which he had already carefully investigated. Again they successfully answered the challenge of a sentry and by six o'clock the whole landing force was on the heights.

It was a surprise to the French, but even then the chance for recovery would have been greater if Montcalm had not been hampered by having to consult the governor on all details. This was a national crisis. Half a continent was at stake and yet the man whose training had been for this purpose, whose business it was to know what to do at such a crisis, had to lay his plans before a political appointee, who in turn used his power for the humiliation of the expert military leader.

But Montcalm was a patriot, and he made the best of the situation. By nine o'clock the French marched out in battle array against Wolfe's army, which by this time had reached the level known as the Plains of Abraham. The

armies were almost equal in numbers, approximately 5,000 each, and as the French advanced to the attack, which was their best policy, Wolfe, advancing his men so that the action would be close, gave the order that no shot was to be fired until the enemy was within forty paces. It was a difficult matter to remain steady and resist the temptation to fire, but they did, and when at forty paces a volley was let loose, followed immediately by a second, the French line wavered and Wolfe gave the order to charge.

The French could not withstand the shock and the battle was won. Wolfe, already wounded, received a death wound in the first moment of the charge. While being carried to the rear he heard some one say, "They run, they run!" Wolfe roused himself and asked, "Who run?" "The French, sir! Egad! they give way everywhere!" "Then I die content." And so passed away the young intrepid general, who had recognized fully the great issues involved in this encounter and on the previous evening had made a disposition of all his belongings.

And Montcalm, while trying to rally the fugitives, was stricken down, and when told that he could not live, replied calmly, "So much

the better. I am happy not to live to see the surrender of Quebec."

The battle lasted until mid-day, and the result was a triumph for Wolfe's tactics, for it was a carefully planned attack, and nothing was left to chance. Quebec surrendered, the French troops marched out with the honours of war, and the reign of France was virtually over in the New World.

Montcalm was buried in the Ursuline chapel at Quebec, while Wolfe's body was carried on the Royal William to Portsmouth in charge of Sergeant Donald MacLeod, of the Black Watch, all his years a soldier and with twelve sons in the army and navy.

Years afterwards, to these two great generals, noble and self-sacrificing men, each doing his duty to his country even to the sacrifice of his life, a monument was erected in the city for whose possession they had fought. On one side is the word Montcalm ; on the other Wolfe ; and on the pedestal between these words :

MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM
FAMAM HISTORIA
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS
DEDIT.

CHAPTER VII.

PONTIAC AND THE LAST HOPE OF INDIAN SUPREMACY.

"For a mausoleum a city has arisen above the forest hero ; and the race whom he hated with such burning rancour trample with unceasing footsteps over his forgotten grave."

—PARKMAN.

PONTIAC AND THE LAST HOPE OF INDIAN SUPREMACY.

We sometimes speak of the victory of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham and the subsequent surrender of Quebec as having involved the transfer of Canada or New France from the French to the English. It really was the first and most important in the series of events which led to this transfer.

The situation at Quebec presented many difficulties. England had but a small force, and had barely defeated the French. It was the Fall of the year with the cold winter approaching which proved a terrible time for the English, unaccustomed to so severe a climate,

and in a city much of which was in ruins. Unity of purpose and decisive action on the part of the French might have cut off the English, but in the dread of being separated from their base of supplies the French retreated to Montreal.

Early in the spring Chevalier de Levis, second in command to Montcalm, gathered an army in Montreal of 7,000 men and reached Quebec in April. Murray, the English commander, marched out to the attack, but was badly defeated and retreated into the city.

And now the fate of New France was in the balance. Quebec was not in condition to stand a siege. The English forces had met with a decided reverse. The French were heartened by the victory, but were not strong enough to follow it up vigorously. Word was received that ships were coming up the river. Were they French or English? It was an anxious moment, and when at last the English flag was seen floating at the masthead the French fell back upon Montreal and the fate of New France was practically settled.

Against Montreal Murray led the forces from Quebec expecting there to make connections with Amherst, who was on his way from New York by way of Oswego and the St.

Lawrence. The junction of forces was so well managed that Vaudreuil surrendered, and was able to make excellent terms with his generous conquerors.

And so from Louisbourg to Quebec, to Montreal, to Frontenac (taken by Bradstreet) to Niagara (taken by Sir William Johnson) New France was in the possession of the English.

But New France extended far beyond Niagara, and the forts at Pitt (where Pittsburg now stands) Detroit, Michillimackinac, Sault Ste. Marie, and the strongly fortified Fort Chartres near the present city of St. Louis, had heard nothing of the happenings in the Far East ; and in this connection it must be remembered that all the Indians except the Iroquois were allies of the French or friendly disposed towards them, and none but an Englishman of that day could have imagined, as Amherst did, that the Indians were hardly worth considering and that the fighting was now over.

These outposts of the French were to be formally taken over and Major Robert Rogers, of Rogers' Rangers, was despatched to Detroit. He sent a messenger ahead to acquaint the commander with what had taken place at Montreal, so to give him time to consider the question of surrendering the fort.

When nearing Detroit Major Rogers was stopped by Pontiac, an Indian chief of the Ottawa nation, who demanded of him by what right he was entering upon the territory of the Ottawas and allied tribes. He was given a friendly answer ; they smoked the pipe of peace and seemingly parted good friends ; but the English made no further efforts to conciliate him by presents or friendly overtures. In other words, they were not diplomatic in their dealings, and the Indians resented the lack of tact and consideration shown them, the original inhabitants of the country.

There is nothing which so hurts a sensitive man or a sensitive nation as contempt, and Pontiac, gathering about him a great council of the Indians of that region, spoke in an impassioned and eloquent manner of this opportunity, perhaps the last, to drive out the white man.

Pontiac was the Napoleon of the Indian tribes of New France. He was not only courageous in battle but he was a genius in the art of war and was eloquent in council, with a power of winning others to his cause. It is said that he was in command of the Indians on the occasion of Braddock's famous defeat at Fort Duquesne, made especially noteworthy because

THE CAYUGA FALSE FACE CEREMONY

This is the midwinter purification rite, when evil spirits are driven from all the houses of the Iroquois village. Grotesquely clad and masked medicine men burst into the cabins throwing open the doors and windows and commence to scatter the ashes of the hearth and to kindle a new fire. Then they sprinkle white ashes on the heads of the people, blowing through their hands. This is supposed to cure any disease. The medicine man's reward is a pipe bowl of tobacco, which one dancer is begging from the frightened boy.

The Indian cabin is genuine and typical of the period (1687-1850) when New York Indians had traders' cloth and tools. The figures are life casts of Cayuga Indians.

The purpose of this group is to show the changes wrought by the acquisition of European metallic tools, cloth and other articles. Material culture was greatly changed by the giving up of native tools and materials. The methods of labor to a degree also changed, but the religious, social and civil organization yet remained and was more slowly disintegrated. The false face ceremony is one of the more spectacular rites common among all the Iroquois.

of the presence of George Washington on Braddock's staff. At any rate it is known that Pontiac had been the guest of Montcalm at Quebec, certainly a tribute to his greatness, and that he proudly wore a uniform presented to him by that general.

This, then, was the man who in 1763 assembled a council near Detroit, at which were present Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Miamis, Sacs, Foxes, Menominees, Wyandots, Mississagas, Shawnees and Delawares, representing nearly 2,000 warriors, and told them that he had received a wampum belt from their father, the King of France, who commanded his red children to fight the English.

When Major Rogers reached Detroit the city at once surrendered and Rogers planned to go to Mackinac, but it was too late in the year and he had to return to New York.

In the spring Pontiac laid out his great plan of campaign by which Detroit was to be the first fort to be assailed. Having obtained permission to hold a peace dance at Detroit, his braves had carefully spied out the fort, and after consultation with him fifty warriors were selected who were to saw off their gun barrels, so that the weapons might be hidden under the blankets, and in this fashion were to ask for a

parley with the English commander. Fortunately for the garrison, the commander was informed of these plans by a spy, and when Pontiac and his fifty followers entered the fort they were surprised to see the warlike preparations. With a bland innocence which often had served him well, Pontiac asked why so many of the young men were in the streets with guns. "Just for exercise and discipline," said the equally bland commander, and asked Pontiac to state his case. Just as the Indian was about to present the wampum belt in the reverse way—which was to be the signal for the massacre—the commander made a sign, the war drums of the garrison crashed out a charge and Pontiac saw that he was detected. He then presented it in the usual way and the English commander told him that as long as they behaved they would be taken care of and peace would be maintained. He then approached Pontiac, pulled open his blanket and disclosed the short rifle concealed beneath. There was nothing for Pontiac to do but retire, which he did with his fifty braves.

This was really the beginning of the contest and Detroit was in a state of siege. The fort was in the midst of what was a military colony extending from twelve to sixteen miles along

the west bank of the river. It had been founded in 1701 by Cadillac, who was virtually a feudal lord, owning the fort, the church, the gristmill, the brewery, warehouses, barn and the very fruit trees themselves, which had been brought from France. Cadillac was a remarkable organizer, and against great difficulties and severe opposition from forts already established, he had been able to persuade the French Government to support him in the development of this colony.

Indeed, this is one of the earliest instances in Canada of assisted immigration and subsidies to settlers, such as we are accustomed to think of as belonging to modern times. In 1748 the French Government offered any settler who would go to Detroit one spade, one axe, one plough, one large and one small wagon, a cow, and a pig. Seed would be given to be returned after the third harvest. The women and children were supported for one year after coming to the colony. In this way Detroit had come to be a place of about 2,500 people.

The plan now was to starve out the garrison by killing all the settlers outside the fort who were in any way sympathetic with the English cause. At the same time they waylaid all relief expeditions sent from the East, and at

first were very fortunate, as the English officers did not understand the Indian method of warfare and were easily led into ambuscades. For five months this little garrison had been surrounded by a thousand or more savages, but notwithstanding various successes the Indians were becoming tired.

Siege warfare long continued was not congenial to them, and little by little they began to desert until by October there were only the Ottawas, his own tribe, left. When, therefore, at the end of that month the French governor at Fort Chartres sent a message to Pontiac that the Great Father in France had given up all his possessions over here to the English, the great chief raised the siege in disgust and left for the south. There he hoped to rally the Indians for a final stand, but when he found it could not be done he reluctantly made terms of peace with the representative of Sir William Johnson at Detroit in August of 1764. On that occasion he spoke in the Peace Council as follows :

"Father, we have all smoked out of this pipe of peace. It is your children's pipe ; and as the war is over and the Great Spirit and Giver of Light who has made all the earth and everything therein has brought us all together this day for our mutual good, I declare to all

nations that I have settled my peace with you before I came here, and now deliver my pipe to be sent to Sir William Johnson that he may know I have made peace and taken the King of England for my father in the presence of all the nations now assembled ; and whenever any of these nations go to visit him they may smoke out of it with him in peace. Fathers, we are obliged to you for lighting up our old council fire for us and desiring us to return to it, but we are now settled on the Miami river not far from hence. Whenever you want us you will find us there."

In 1766 Pontiac visited Sir William Johnson at his castle on the Mohawk and smoked the pipe of peace with that great warrior. Thence he went south to Fort Chartres, the last place in New France where floated the lilies of France, that flag which for over two centuries had been the symbol of sovereignty from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. There he became embroiled in a quarrel and was killed by one of the Illinois in a cowardly manner, an act for which that tribe had to pay dearly in the vengeance exacted by the friends of the great old chief.

But this story would hardly be complete if we did not point out that Pontiac's plot for the surprise of Detroit was not a merely local

attack, but was part of a comprehensive plan for the surprise of all the forts held by the English against which, as far as possible, a simultaneous attack was to be made so that it would be difficult for the English to help the garrisons and impossible for the forts to help one another.

The most striking of these attacks was that on Fort Michillimackinac. On June 4th the English garrison planned to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of George III. Games were to be held on the plain outside the fort and the Chippewas and Sacs asked that they be allowed to take part and give the garrison the pleasure of seeing the great Indian national game of lacrosse played by experts. This was granted and a great crowd gathered.

The game was well played and so warmly contested that the excitement was intense. Player pursued player, tripping and slashing in true Indian fashion. When the game was at its height a player threw the ball at a point near the gate of the fort. There was a wild rush for the ball, and when they reached the gate lacrosse sticks were thrown aside and the closely blanketed squaws who were there in large numbers opened their blankets and threw out tomahawks and knives to the braves.

Madly they rushed in, took possession of the fort, fell upon the garrison and the traders, butchered some and carried off the others as prisoners.

Smaller trading posts were taken in like fashion by cunning or by direct attack when cunning failed, and for a short time it looked as if the English would have a difficult task to capture and hold the Mississippi Valley. But the rebellion ceased with the fall of the genius who had conceived it, the last great Indian chief of New France.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GRAY GOWNS AND THE BLACK.

"My boatmen sit apart,
Wolf-eyed, wolf-sinewed, stiller than the trees.
Help me, O Lord, for very slow of heart
And hard of faith are these.
Cruel are they, yet Thy children. Foul are they,
Yet wert Thou born to save them utterly.
Then make me as I pray,
Just to their hates, kind to their sorrows, wise
After their speech, and strong before their free
Indomitable eyes."

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

THE GRAY GOWNS AND THE BLACK.

When Champlain on his return from New France to his native village of Brouage told of the vast country which lay beyond the seas, with its thousands of inhabitants who knew nothing of Christianity, the priests of the monastery in that village were so impressed with the magnitude of the work and the necessity for having Christianity presented to these heathen and savages, that four volunteered to accompany him to New France. They reached

Quebec in May, 1615. They were Franciscans of the Récollet Order, and were distinguished in dress by the gray robe girt with the white cord. Hence they are often referred to as the priests of the Gray Gown.

The most prominent of these was Le Caron, who joined a band of Hurons returning after a successful sale of their winter's hunting. Their route was up the Ottawa, Lake Nipissing and French River to Lake Huron. This was a memorable trip in many ways, but especially because Le Caron was the first white man to see what we now call Lake Huron—indeed the first of the Great Lakes to be discovered by a white man—or to sail upon its waters. Down among the islands of what is now Georgian Bay they went until they came near where Penetanguishene now stands, and at a large Huron village he awaited the coming of Champlain.

On the 12th August Le Caron celebrated mass and held the first religious service in all this territory, which afterwards was known as Upper Canada. Three hundred years afterwards this event was remembered by mass being celebrated as nearly as known on the same spot, and a monument erected.

Champlain and he spent most of the winter with the Hurons and made visits to their

neighbours, the Petuns, or Tobacco Indians, along the south shore of Nottawasaga Bay, and at the foot of the Blue Hills near where the town of Collingwood now stands.

After returning to Quebec to consult with the other members of the Order who had come out to reinforce the small number of missionaries, Le Caron in 1623 returned to his Hurons with Father Viel and Brother Sagard. To the industry of the latter we owe a dictionary of the Huron language.

They laboured on with zeal but without making much lasting impression and they realized that the field was too large and the priests were too few. The Récollets had been in New France for about ten years and had founded missions in Acadia in the east, Huronia in the west, Nipissing and Upper St. John. They now realized that the Order was not equipped with the machinery or organization necessary to deal with so great a problem and in their despair they sent a deputation to the Jesuits in France to state the problem and ask their aid.

The invitation to come to their help was accepted by the Jesuits and in 1625 three of these priests of the "Black Gown" landed at Quebec. They were met by the Récollets, who

became their hosts and took care of them until the work of organizing the mission could be undertaken. Two of these were Brebeuf and Lalemant, the former of whom set off for Huronia but turned back when he heard of the death of the Gray Robe, Father Viel, who was on his way from Huronia to Quebec. He was drowned in what is known as the Riviere des Prairies near Montreal, where the rapids are known to this day as the Sault au Récollet—The Recollet Rapids.

Champlain granted to the Jesuits land for their headquarters, where they might build their mission, and establish their farm in connection therewith, for they were practical men. Indeed, so firmly did they believe in having a definite investment in the country in which they were labouring that by the end of the French rule in this country the Jesuits were the largest land owners in New France. In planning their missionary labours Brebeuf was assigned to Huronia, the field which for nearly twenty-three years was to be his home.

When Quebec was taken by Kirke four years afterwards, the priests with the other official inhabitants were taken away as prisoners, and when the country was restored to France and the conduct of affairs given over to the Company

of 100 Associates, the Récollets were not allowed to return. The excuse was that one Order was all that could be supported by the Company, and the Jesuits were the better organized. Thus passed away the Brethren of the Gray Robes except in some isolated cases in later days, when as in 1669, under the Intendant Talon, some few returned.

And now commences the romantic story of the Jesuits, the priests of the Black Robe, to whose mission journals called "Relations," we owe most of our information of the early history of our country. From 1632 to 1673 there appeared annually in Paris a volume called a Relation, in which the work of the Jesuits in New France for the twelve months was described and reports from the missionaries incorporated or quoted.

These were very popular for they were interesting, romantic, full of information that was new and strange, and often were the means of stimulating wealthy people to help the cause of evangelisation ; in some cases impelling persons to offer themselves as helpers in the great work, and still others to come out to this great land for the sheer adventure.

All the work of the Jesuits was characterized by the spirit of self-sacrifice on the part

of the individual and by the efficiency of machinery. This is noticeable in the Relation or Annual Report published each year and which in form and method furnishes even to-day a model for the annual report of great institutions. Another aspect of their efficiency is seen in the way in which they prepared their missionaries for the task before them. There was a training period of two years during which the Jesuit studied the languages of the tribes among whom he was likely to live and became accustomed to the methods of living and the customs of the new country.

A striking illustration of the wordly wisdom of the superior officers of the Order is found in a circular issued to the missionaries who were to go up with the Indians to Huronia :

"You should love the Indians like brothers with whom you are to spend the rest of your life. Never make them wait for you when embarking. Take a flint and steel to light their pipes and kindle their fires at night ; for these little services win their hearts. Try to eat their sagamité, as they cook it,—bad and dirty as it is. Fasten up the skirts of your cassock that you may not carry water or sand into the canoe. Wear no shoes or stockings in the canoe, but you may put them on in crossing the portages. Do not make yourself trouble-

some even to a single Indian. Do not ask them too many questions. Bear their faults in silence and appear always cheerful. Buy fish for them from the tribes you will pass ; and for this purpose take with you some awls, beads, knives, and fish hooks. Be not ceremonious with the Indians ; take at once what they offer you. Ceremony offends them. Be very careful when in the canoe that the brim of your hat does not annoy them. Perhaps it would be better to wear your night cap. There is no such thing as impropriety among Indians. Remember it is Christ and His cross that you are seeking ; and if you aim at anything else you will get nothing but affliction for body and mind."

There were some, of course, who had not the gift of learning languages. These returned to France or were employed in the missions in the white settlements. It was from such training and with the motto of the Order animating every thought and action they went forth : "Ad majorem Dei gloriam,"—for the greater glory of God.

Naturally, the first great mission was to the Hurons, who had been the firm friends of the French, and who had been introduced to Christianity already by the Récollets ; and who, moreover, lived in permanent settlements, and cultivated their fields. So the Jesuits followed

the trail of Le Caron and for nearly a quarter of a century Brebeuf and his companions worked faithfully in Huronia, that part of what is now known as the province of Ontario called the county of Simcoe and bordering upon the Georgian Bay. His brother priest in this great missionary enterprise was Lalemant. Headquarters with a school were now established in a well-planned fort, which they built on the eastern bank of the Wye and from which missionaries were sent out to some twelve stations in Huronia, and among the neighbouring tribes. This was really a model settlement for the Hurons, who could see fields of corn, beans, pumpkins and wheat, with pigs and cattle outside, and shops of useful trades inside where were the men at the forge, the shoe shop, the laundry and the carpenter shop.

The Hurons, however, were ignorant and superstitious and the medicine men took advantage of epidemics of sickness, which arose from the unsanitary living, to blame the missionaries, who indeed must have been men of infinite patience and unselfish devotion to their work.

And now just when it seemed as if they might see some result of their long and unselfish labour the Iroquois began to make raids upon this northern country. There were constant

THE CORN HARVEST

Among the Iroquois the cultivation of maize, beans, squashes and other garden produce was extensive and furnished a large portion of their food supply. The women of each village were organized in companies to plant and harvest the grain. The men cleared the land and provided the meat supply, but they seldom worked in the fields.

This group depicts a harvest scene in the Genesee valley on the flats near Squakie hill at Mount Morris. The activities are gathering and braiding corn, shelling beans, pounding corn for meal and baking corn bread. The man has just come from his canoe and reaches the field in time for lunch.

The figures are life casts of Seneca Indians.

encounters on the trading journeys to Quebec, but in 1642 a great Huron village near where the town of Orillia now stands was wiped out by a marauding party of Iroquois. And yet the Hurons would not take seriously the warnings of their missionaries and made no preparations against their unrelenting enemies.

Watching for the departure of the great canoe fleet to Quebec in 1648, the Iroquois made a sudden attack on Huronia and Father Daniel and his village of St. Joseph were slaughtered. Next spring they returned, put St. Ignace to the sword, took the village of St. Louis and stripped and bound to stakes the Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant. The tortures to which these good men were put before they were killed can hardly be imagined and cannot be described, all of which they stood with amazing fortitude. Indeed, even the Indians, stolid as they were, could not help admiring the courage of these martyrs for they drank the blood of Brebeuf that they might be as brave as he.

The spirit of these men can be understood in the description given us by Marjorie Pickthall, one of our own poets, of Father Lalemant, on a missionary journey :

"My hour of rest is done ;
On the smooth ripple lifts the long canoe ;

The hemlocks murmur sadly as the sun
Slants his dim arrows through.
Whither I go I know not, nor the way,
Dark with strange passions, vexed with heathen charms,
Holding I know not what of life or death ;
Only be Thou beside me day by day,
Thy rod my guide and comfort, underneath
Thy everlasting arms."

And so the Iroquois went through Huronia burning and scalping until there was only a mass of ruins, and the remnant of the Hurons fled to St. Joseph, on Christian Island, in Georgian Bay. Here they built a fort, but soon realized that in such an isolated position they could be starved out. Part of the nation went to Quebec, where they were protected and given some land, and part went to Michillimackinac, and thence to Lake Superior, where Father Marquette found them. Driven out by fear of the Sioux they returned to Mackinac, and thence some of them settled near Detroit, where under the name of Wyandots, they took part in the rising against the English known as Pontiac's war, just after the capture of Quebec by Wolfe.

This story of Huronia has been told in some detail because it illustrates the work of the men of the Black Robe who shrank from no sacrifice, who knew no fear, and for whom there could be

no earthly reward. Huronia was the greatest of the missions of the Jesuits, for there were twenty-five members of the Order working among these people.

But there were other missions. That among the fickle and warlike Iroquois, with Jogues and Le Moyne, that at Ville Marie (Montreal), afterwards given over to Sulpicians, who to this day are an extremely powerful Order in this great city, and that at Sault Ste. Marie, where Allouez, Dablon and Marquette had a mission which exercised a powerful influence southwards to Michillimackinac and the country of the Illinois, and westwards to where Fort William, Duluth, and even Winnipeg, now stand. It was from this mission that Joliet, the Government official, and Marquette, the Black Robe, set out on their journey to discover the great Southern Sea, and which resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi.

And so from Nova Scotia to the southern Mississippi and northwards to Hudsons Bay, wherever there were Indian settlements of importance there were Black Robes ministering to the wandering tribes, teaching methods of greater production and less waste in the more settled places, and everywhere endeavouring to show the benefits of law, order, and settled

government. There were seven churches or missions of the Jesuits in New France—Acadia (Maine, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton); Tadoussac (lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay); Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers as one ; Huronia ; to the Iroquois ; the Ottawa or Sault Ste. Marie (Ojibways, Beaver, Crees, Ottawas, Menominies, Pottawatomies, Sacs, Foxes, Winnebagoes, Miamis, Illinois and refugee Hurons), Louisiana.

What they have left to us is not material wealth, but something infinitely greater, the record of self devotion, self sacrifice, fearless zeal and unflinching bravery even to a lingering death in a cause which they put above all renown.

CHAPTER IX.

THE IROQUOIS AND THE HURONS.

"Stripped to the waist, his copper-colored skin
Red from the smouldering heat of hate within,
Lean as a wolf in winter, fierce of mood—
As all wild things that hunt for foes, or food—
War paint adorning breast and thigh and face,
Armed with the ancient weapons of his race,
A slender ashen bow, deer sinew string,
And flint-tipped arrow each with poisoned tongue,—
Thus does the Red man stalk to death his foe,
And sighting him strings silently his bow,
Takes his unerring aim, and straight and true
The arrow cuts in flight the forest through,
A flint which never made for mark and missed,
And finds the heart of his antagonist.
Thus has he warred and won since time began,
Thus does the Indian bring to earth his man."

From the poem, "The Archer," by the late Pauline Johnson, of the Mohawk tribe of the Iroquois.

THE IROQUOIS AND THE HURONS.

When Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence nearly four hundred years ago the Indians whom he met were of the Algonquin nation, one of the four great divisions of Indians east of the Rocky Mountains in North America. The

others were the Iroquois, the Maskoki or Southern, and the Siouan of the West.

The Algonquin country extended from Tennessee to Hudsons Bay and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and included the Delawares, Miamis, Ojibways, Ottawas, Sacs, Foxes, Pottawatomies, and Illinois. They lived in wigwams covered with bark or skins and were a warlike nation, subsisting on hunting and fishing. There were probably 100,000 in number when at the height of their prosperity.

The Iroquois occupied the territory now known as Pennsylvania, New York, the south shores of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and on the Upper St. Lawrence. They were known as the Five Nations, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, to which were added in 1715 the Tuscaroras, who came north from Carolina and whose speech even to this day differs much from the other Iroquois tongue. These made up what we know so well as the Six Nations. They never numbered more than 40,000, but they were mobile and made forays from their towns in New York, sweeping over the country like a scourge and returning to their villages for feasting. A Jesuit, describing the raids of the Iroquois, said "They approach like

foxes, they attack like tigers, disappear like birds."

Algonquin was the general name for the tribes enumerated, but there was no bond of union except a likeness of language, while, on the other hand, the tribes of the Iroquois were in a real confederacy, which enabled them to join together against a common enemy. It was this power of organized and sustained warfare that made them so formidable. Even as early as the time of the coming of the white man they had reached a comparatively high stage of social development and government, so that they lived in villages, and the Long House or community dwelling in which many families lived under one roof, indeed in one room, was being displaced by the separate hut. In the centre of the village was the Council House, the place of meeting, of ceremonials and of trade, just as the Town Hall and Market are to-day in many a town.

We are given an interesting picture of the Council in a Mohawk village in New York :

"Sixty old men sat on a circle of mats smoking around the central fire. Before them stood the captives. . . . . After passing the Council pipe from hand to hand in solemn silence, the Sachems prepared to give their views. One arose, and offering the smoke of

incense to the four winds of heaven, to invoke witness to the justice of the trial, gave his opinion on the matter of life and death. Each of the chiefs in succession spoke. Without any warning whatever one chief rose and tomahawked three of the captives. That had been the sentence. The rest were driven to lifelong slavery."

When the palisaded or stockaded village life was abandoned for the freer, more independent life of the great village, the location was generally upon the banks of a stream so that there might be a plentiful supply of water, and in many cases easier transportation. While not an agricultural people they had always enough women and captives to provide the means of living, for the warriors and the hunters returning with game. Fields of corn, pumpkins, and squashes, orchards of plum and apple, and small herds of hogs and cattle were to be found in these villages ; for the handling of the fruit and water, baskets and pots were made with great skill by the women.

The Iroquois were great travellers, and a thousand mile journey was little to them if the object to be attained seemed worth while. They were intelligent in the making of trails so as to get the shortest and easiest route, an illustration of which may be seen to-day in the

fact that the New York Central Railway from Lake Erie to the Hudson River follows an Iroquois trail.

Their principal ceremonies were in honour of the season, the Maple Sugar Festival at the going of the snows of winter, and the Green Corn Dance, and the Harvest Home Festival of the autumn.

The legend of Hiawatha, the most popular of all poems relating to Indian life, was told by Longfellow as if Hiawatha were an Ojibway, whereas it is likely that the story in its original form was from the Ononadaga nation of the Iroquois, and Hiawatha is the very wise man who formed a plan of universal peace among the nations of the Iroquois. However, it may have been because the Iroquois and the Ojibways were very friendly up to the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Ojibways sympathized with the Hurons whom the Iroquois had driven from Huronia on the Georgian Bay. They afterwards made peace and became as brothers. So much so indeed that when many, many years afterward the Mississagas, a band of the Ojibways, were forced to give up their reserved lands on the River Credit, near Toronto, the Iroquois on the Grand River Reservation took them in and gave them a tract of valuable

land. Longfellow took many phases of the legend and grouped them so as to give the atmosphere of Indian life and interpret the meaning of its ceremonies. The leading thought in all the legends is :

> "How he prayed and how he fasted,
> How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
> That the tribes of men might prosper,
> That he might advance his people!"

This is the great legend of the Indians of New France told in every winter lodge, and told in a somewhat different form among different tribes. It gets local colour from the traditions of the particular tribe.

How they became the unrelenting enemy of the French we are told in the story of Champlain, who joined the Hurons and Algonquins in 1609, when they were on an expedition against the Iroquois, who lived near Lake Champlain. It was in that battle the Iroquois first saw and experienced the effect of the death dealing musket of the white man, and they never forgot that it was used against them by the French.

Each nation was divided into tribes or clans with names such as Wolf, Bear, or Turtle, and as the same tribes were in all the nations, the section in each nation was related to the cor-

responding section in all the other nations. So the Seneca Turtle was a brother to the Mohawk Turtle. The families belonging to the Turtles were the most respected and were accorded the highest honours.

Each of the nations had its own government for local affairs and elected sachems to sit in the Great Council of all the Nations, where fifty sachems dealt with national affairs. It is not too much to say that the Iroquois were the most intelligent of the Indians of New France, for they were always ready, well organized, and watchful, and knew how to take defeat. When pressed back by the French and village after village destroyed by a great expedition organized to severely punish them, they retired in good order, and when things had calmed down they returned, rebuilt their villages, replanted their fields and planned revenge.

The Hurons are said to have been relatives of the Iroquois, but if so they must in some earlier time have ceased to be even friendly, for we find them allied with the Algonquin, and from the time of Champlain on the side of the French in the great international conflict. They lived on the shores of the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron, in what is called now the County of Simcoe. This district was known as Huronia,

and at the height of their power there were about 30,000 inhabitants, almost as many as live in the corresponding district to-day. They traded with the French at Quebec by sending each year a fleet of canoes up the Bay and by the French River, Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa River to the St. Lawrence. This was the route by which Le Caron and Champlain entered this great northern country in 1615, and were the first white men to see the Great Lake, afterwards called Huron, the first of the Great Lakes to be discovered by the French. The route by the Great Lakes was unknown, and indeed all that southern country was dangerous because of the presence of the dreaded Iroquois.

They were more of an agricultural nation than were the Iroquois. Possibly they were not better farmers, but they were poorer warriors and so remained on the land more than their fighting relations. They raised pumpkins, sunflowers and rye. The corn they planted in hills higher, larger, and much further apart than we do to-day.

They lived in villages in the Long Houses or community dwellings which were to be found among the Iroquois in their early days. These were built by bending saplings and tying them together to form the frame, which they sheathed

with bark. Down the centre were the fires, each of which was shared generally by two families. The smoke was supposed to go out by a hole in the roof. On either side of the fire and stretching from end to end were platforms on which the families slept, while underneath were the stores of clothing and provisions. No wonder the dogs, dirt and disease impressed the missionaries to these people, and made them plan for huts rather than a share in these dwellings.

Some of the greater villages were palisaded for protection, but the smaller ones were not permanent, being moved about at the will of the people or because of the unsanitary condition of the land that had been occupied. The villages became large when the necessity for protection became greater and some had as many as 2,000 inhabitants. The favourite site for a village was on high ground near springs or an inland lake, so that there would be a good water supply. There was a village Council or Assembly, which dealt with local matters and a tribal assembly for matters of general importance but there was no union for offence and defence well organized and ready for action, as among the Iroquois.

The Hurons were smaller in stature than the

Iroquois, the largest men being about five feet eight inches in height. They had their feast days, which resembled those of other nations in being associated with the seasons, but their custom of burying the dead has a somewhat marked character. The body was wrapped and placed on a platform away from marauding animals and every ten years or thereabouts there was a great Feast and Dance for the Dead, when, after preparing a great pit, the bodies were placed in it sometimes in rows, sometimes in circles and sometimes in parcels of bones of those who had been long dead.

Into the pit were cast pottery, implements of warfare and kettles which were first rendered useless so that the graves might not be desecrated. This is in contrast to some other nations of Indians who bury with the deceased the things which they think will be useful to him in the "happy hunting ground" to which he has gone. This pit is called an Ossuary, and to the excavation of these we owe much of our knowledge of this nation. This communal burial with the Hurons corresponded to the communal life which preceded the era of the individual burial and the individual wigwam.

This Huronia county enjoyed great prosperity during the first half of the seventeenth

century with constantly increasing immigration, growing villages, better implements for increased comfort in living, great production and skill in handicraft owing to the influence and example of the Jesuit mission. Into this peaceful country, unprepared for war, there came in the last decade of this first half of the century the Iroquois much as the Assyrian, "like the wolf on the fold." In a series of well planned, vigorous attacks the Hurons were massacred or driven out of the country, the villages burned, the Jesuit missionaries slaughtered in the fight, or reserved for a death by torture.

First on one of the Christian Islands off the shore they built a fort, but soon realized that the important question of food supply could not be met as long as the Iroquois remained on the mainland and intercepted all messengers. Part of the nation then set off for Quebec, and there threw themselves upon the kindness of their friends, the French, who gave them a grant of land and their protection. Others went north to Michillimackinac, and in their fear went even well up into Lake Superior, where they were ministered unto by Father Marquette. But they were not long there until the warlike Sioux became so great a menace that with their protector, the great Marquette, they went back

TYPICAL IROQUOIS INDUSTRIES

This group depicts a company of Oneida Indians gathered in a sheltered spot in their capital village on Nicols pond, township of Fenner, Madison county. This was the fort unsuccessfully stormed by Champlain in 1615.

The arrow maker is telling an amusing tale while he chips his flints. To his right are a basket maker and a belt weaver. To his left are a wood carver, a moccasin maker and a potter, all engaged at their trades as they listen to the arrow maker's tale.

In aboriginal times among the Iroquois each person had an occupation and was by necessity industrious. Both men and women had their special forms of labor, which with the men was often arduous.

The figures are casts of Oneida Indians made upon the New York and Canadian reservations.

The purpose of this group is to show six typical Iroquois industries and to indicate the social nature of the workers. The Iroquois at home among his own folk is social in habits and full of humor. To the stranger he appears taciturn and diffident and oftentimes indolent.

again to Michillimackinac. Afterwards many of them went still further south and under the name of Wyandottes they settled near Sarnia and Windsor, opposite the present city of Detroit.

These are typical nations of Indians of the days of New France, the crafty, strong, nomadic, warlike and well organized Iroquois on whom the missionaries could make little or no impression, the allies of the English and the most feared of all the nations ; and the less intelligent and more domesticated, the traders and the canoemen, the hunter and fisher, the unorganized Hurons, who suffered the missionaries to settle among them and pretended to be converted because it did not interfere but rather increased their comfort, the allies of the French, with little initiative and no cohesion.

CHAPTER X.

THE COUREUR DES BOIS AND THE VOYAGEUR.

"I have passed the warden cities at the Eastern water-gate,
Where the hero and the martyr laid the corner-stone of State,
The habitant, coureurs-des-bois, and hardy voyageur,
Where lives a breed more strong at need to venture or endure."

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE COUREUR DES BOIS AND THE VOYAGEUR.

An island just where the Ottawa River joins the St. Lawrence always suggests to me in its name a Frenchman who, in the days following Champlain, penetrated beyond the Mer Douce (Lake Huron) and was one of the first white men to sail on Lake Superior. This was Perrot,* who, like Etienne Brulé with Champlain, was known as a coureur des bois, a runner of the woods, a trader, a guide, a hunter, a woodsman. Without him and his companion, the voyageur,

* As a matter of history the island is called after another Perrot much less distinguished.

the efforts of priest and noble alike to penetrate the great forests would have been all in vain.

They followed the trails of the deer and other wild animals who were the ancient roadmakers, and took advantage of all the waterways in their light canoes. These journeys were not only full of danger, but were attended by much hardship. In one of the journals of a missionary priest from Quebec to the Huron Indians who lived on the south-eastern shore of Georgian Bay, we read :

"Of two difficulties regularly met with, the first is of rapids and portages for these abound in every river throughout these regions. When a person approaches such cataracts, or rapids, he has to step ashore and carry on his back through forests or over high, vexatious rocks not only his baggage, but also the canoe. This is not accomplished without much labour, for there are portages of one, two, and three leagues, each of them requiring several journeys if one has ever so small a number of packages. At some places where the rapids are not less swift than at the portages, but of easier access, the Indians, plunging into the water, drag their canoes and conduct them with their hands with utmost difficulty and danger for sometimes they are up to their necks in the current, so that they have to let go their hold upon their canoes and save themselves as best they can from the

rapidity of the water that snatches the canoe out of their hands and carries it off. I have computed the number of portages and find that we carried thirty-five times and dragged at least fifty times. The second ordinary difficulty is that of food. A person is often obliged to fast, especially if he happens to lose the places where he stored away provisions on his down-river course. (Note.—The familiar word to this day for such a hidden store is "cache.") Even when he finds them his appetite remains none the less keen for having regaled himself with their contents, for the usual repast is only a little corn broken between two stones, and sometimes simply taken in fresh water, which is insipid food. Sometimes he has fish, but this is mere chance unless he happens to pass some tribe from whom he can buy it. Add to this that a person must sleep upon the bare ground, perhaps on a hard rock."

Such was the experience of the missionary, new and hard and very real to him, whom the voyageurs carried on his apostolic way. But the coureurs and the voyageurs were traders and explorers and, as one might infer, they were always young men and in the prime of life, because of the hardship they had to endure in making their long hazardous journeys through trackless forests. Father Tailhan gives a graphic description of their life. He says :

"As all Canada is only one vast forest with-

out any roads they could not travel by land ; they make their journeys on the rivers and the lakes in canoes that ordinarily contain each three men. These canoes are made of sheets of birch-bark smoothly stretched over very light and slender ribs of cedar wood. They are divided into six or seven or eight sections by light wooden bars which strengthen and hold together the sides of the canoe. . . . . As an entire canoe cannot be made with a single sheet of bark the pieces which compose it are sewed together with the roots of the spruce tree, which are more flexible and white than the osier, and these seams are coated with a gum which the savages obtain from the spruce. . . . . The savages, and especially their women, excel in the art of making these canoes, but few Frenchmen excel in it. . . . . The coureurs des bois themselves propel their canoes with small paddles of hard wood, very light and smooth ; the man at the rear of the canoe guides it, which is the part of their calling which requires skill. The two other men paddle ahead. A canoe properly manned can make more than fifteen leagues a day in still water. . . . . When they meet rapids or waterfalls which cannot be passed they go ashore and unload the bales. . . . These, as well as the canoe, are carried on their backs and shoulders until they have passed the falls or rapids and find the river suitable for again embarking on it ; and this is called 'making portages.' . . . . In such a canoe these

three men embark at Quebec or Montreal to go three hundred, four hundred, and even five hundred leagues from the colony to procure beaver skins among savages, whom very often they have never seen."

As the fur trade was supposed to be a monopoly controlled by the King of France and granted by him to a Trading Company, many of these coureurs were in the service of the company on a commission basis, but there were others who took the risk of disposing of their furs to a greater advantage, and so were known as "free traders." If one were to make any distinction between the coureurs and the voyageurs he would speak of the former as the hunters and the latter as those who transported the furs by water, but in general there was not a distinct difference except in large trading companies where the work was highly organized.

They were picturesque in their dress and fond of striking colours. A bright cotton shirt, cloth trousers, leather leggings, deer skin moccasins and a small scarlet cloak or capot made up their attire with a wide worsted belt with flowing ends (such as we see worn with the blanket suit of the snowshoers of to-day) a stout knife and a tobacco pouch. Cheerful, careless, heedless of danger and fond of adventure the hardy descendants of the Breton or Norman

fishermen sang their chansons, keeping time with their paddles, the quickened notes for the dangerous places, the slower for the easy passage across the placid lake.

One of the greatest of all these coureurs des bois and voyageurs was Nicholas Perrot who, at the age of sixteen, was the companion of the missionary priests on their journeys from Quebec to the Indian tribes, and thus gained for himself not only experience in woodcraft and knowledge of the country, but what was still more important he developed his natural aptitude for languages by close study of the Indian dialects, and thus made himself valuable, not only to himself but to his country. Many other coureurs had had similar opportunities but did not improve these opportunities and so remained mere coureurs des bois, and average ones at that, until the end of their days.

This ambitious youth soon became an independent trader, but without the selfishness that was usually attached to that name. He was a man of some education and certainly of vision. He saw clearly that it was to the interests of New France that there should be united feeling and action among Indians and French against their common enemy, the Iroquois, and this was ever in his mind in the negotiations which at vari-

ous times took him to the tribes of the Chippewas, the Foxes, the Hurons, the Dakotas, the Iowans, the Mascoutens, the Miamis, the Pottawatomies and the Sioux, as well as the Iroquois.

To him was entrusted by the governor the arrangement and management of the great gathering of the Indian tribes at Sault Ste. Marie where, on the fourteenth of June, 1671, the tribes for a hundred leagues were gathered in a great council that the Deputy Governor might formally take possession of that country in the name of the King of France. In a spectacular manner—that it might impress the Indians by its grandeur—a cross was erected and the arms of France were raised on a great pole and Perrot, doubtless in a loud voice, acting as herald and interpreting to the Indians, proclaimed three times over that "in the name of the Most High, Most Powerful, and Most Redoubtable Monarch, Louis XIV. of name, most Christian King of France and Navarre, we take possession of said place Ste. Marie du Sault, as also of Lake Huron and Superior, the island of Manitoulin, and of all the lands, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous to and adjacent here as well, discovered as to be discovered, which are bounded on the one side by the seas of the North and on the other side by

the seas of the South in its whole length and breadth,"—and at the end of each time of reading the proclamation he took up a sod of earth calling out "Vive le Roi," which was repeated in a great shout by all the people. The demonstration was intended to offset the influence of Radisson and Chouart, who, at Hudsons Bay in the service of the English, were drawing the trade of the Indians beyond Lake Superior.

Perrot was especially useful to Frontenac, the next great governor after Champlain, in that he acted as ambassador to the ever-restless tribes and maintained harmony and peace. He seems to have been a welcome man in every Indian village, and was the best informed man of his time in regard to the affairs of New France. He was in command at Green Bay and over the Mississippi Valley country in the winter of 1685-6, when he discovered the lead mines. In 1699 the King of France closed many of the western posts and Perrot retired and wrote his memoirs, which have proved of such great value to us in giving us knowledge of our own country during the latter half of the seventeenth century. He was a brave, loyal, and devoted man who gave much of his life to the public service and who deserves to be remembered among the heroes of New France.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SEIGNIOR AND THE HABITANT.

"The original tillers of the soil in Lower Canada, who first assumed the title of 'Habitants' while holding their land under feudal tenure, would not accept any designation such as 'censitaire' which carried with it some sense of the servile status of the feudal vassal in Old France, but preferred to be called a Habitant or inhabitant of the country—a free man and not a vassal."

—SIR LOMER GOUIN.

THE SEIGNIOR AND THE HABITANT.

The colony of New England was planted by men who protested against the kind of government under which they had lived and it was to be expected that customs of government in their new home would differ materially from those under which they had suffered. On the other hand the colony of New France was essentially a part of France subsidized and supported by the Government of that country. Hence we can understand how the customs of government of New France in practically all respects would be like the customs at home.

It is hardly worth while to speak of govern-

ment or social life in New France until after the restoration of Quebec and the return of Champlain in 1633. Valued at home merely as a possible revenue producer through the fur trade, the Home Government gave over the general direction of the affairs of New France into the hands of a company known generally as the Company of One Hundred Associates. In return for fulfilling certain obligations this Company was to have exclusive control of the fur trade and have power to govern, create trade, grant lands and bestow titles of nobility. The chief obligation laid upon it was to furnish to the colony each year at least two hundred settlers and give them support until they should get a fair start. In this way the Home Government thought the country would gradually have a number of people on the land who could be looked upon as permanent settlers in contrast to the wandering hunters and traders.

This method of governing a colony by means of a chartered company was not unique. India was governed by the East India Company for many years, Java by a Dutch trading company, and the incident of the Jameson Raid illustrated some aspects of the great Company of South Africa.

To further encourage settlement the Govern-

ment recognized the title of seignior given to the man who, taking up a fair amount of land, undertook to settle persons upon it, live upon it himself, and thus develop an estate. In return for this social and political distinction he engaged to serve his country with his men about him in time of need. In other words, the idea of it was an adaptation of the feudal system of holding lands in return for national service.

This system was more or less in operation for over a quarter of a century, but the company was so intent on making money out of the fur trade that they neglected their obligations in regard to settlement on their land, and there were less than 2,000 people and not more than 4,000 acres of cultivated land in this great country.

When this state of affairs was brought to the attention of King Louis XIV., who was genuinely interested in the colony, he cancelled the charter of the company, and in 1663 New France was made a crown colony under a governor who represented the dignity and military power of the Crown, an Intendant, who was something more than a Minister of the Crown and less than a Governor, and who looked after the details of government, and the Bishop who as head of the church shared the problems of government in this triumvirate.

While much depended upon the Governor, much more to help or hinder progress was in the power of the Intendant, and the colony was very fortunate in the earliest years in having such a capable man as Talon, just as we shall find she was equally unfortunate in the last years in having Bigot, a corrupt holder of that office. It is interesting to notice that the two holders of this office who are of such prominence as to be remembered in anything other than name, were the first and the last, to the one the colony owing much of the stability of government, to the latter much that led to the loss to France of her greatest colony.

Talon was the real organizer of the seigniorial system and was perhaps the most capable man who ever administered the affairs of the colony. On his own farm on the St. Charles River he gave this country the first scientific farming, rude as it was in that early time, and this was the first of the model farms which we think of as comparatively modern institutions. He encouraged ship-building at Quebec by actually building ships ; he distributed looms in the farmhouses that the settler might be independent in the matter of clothing, a very important matter in a country with such a climate ; and he built a tannery that the pre-

cious commodity of leather might be available for protection of men and equipment of beast.

Under the Intendant in the actual working out of the Government came the seigniors, and hence the real social and political life of the colony. True, it was before the governor in the Chateau St. Louis in Quebec, seated upon the throne under the clustered white flags stamped with the golden lilies of France, the seignior appeared and on bended knee presented his homage and oath of allegiance, but it was with the Intendant that he transacted his business, and it was the report of the Intendant to the King of France which the neglectful seignior had cause to fear.

The Home Government at once undertook to help emigration and the Council of New France gave seigniories with a lavish and not always discriminating hand. During this century of royal rule there were about three hundred seigniories granted. In size these differed greatly but practically nothing could be called by that name which had not at least a dozen square miles. This land the seignior was expected to have surveyed into farms and to place settlers upon them.

As the St. Lawrence was the roadway of the colony and the means of communication,

the seigniories were granted first along its shores and the farms were as close to the river as possible. The shape of a farm was that of a parallelogram with the short end fronting the river. Usually this frontage was nearly a quarter of a mile, and the depth from about a half to three miles with an orchard, meadow, grain and woods. So for purposes of protection, as well as access to fish and water supply, the shores of the St. Lawrence showed a row of whitewashed cottages in contact with the highway, even as it does to-day.

This brought about a very interesting land problem, for when the habitant died, his property, according to the French law known as Custom of Paris, was divided into equal parts among his children. Each of these was anxious to have a part of the river front, so that soon some farms were divided into ribbons of perhaps fifty to sixty feet frontage. The habitant each year paid a small fee in money to his seignior and brought him some of the produce of the farm. It was generally on St. Martin's Day in November and they gathered at the seigniory for a genuine harvest home with games and feasting.

The seignior's house, or the manor house, as it was often called, was the centre of his

estate. It was generally built of stone, with four rooms and an attic. Behind the house was a great store room and root house. Nearby was the bake-oven built of stones, mortar and earth, into which the wood was thrust until the oven was heated sufficiently, when the ashes were pulled out and the bread pans inserted. Even to this day in some parts of the Province of Quebec one may see the bake-oven near the roadway and sometimes upon its roof the brown crusted loaves put out to cool. Sometimes there was an oven common to the village, so that even the idea of communal cooking, about which we hear so much these days, is a reversion to early practices in our country. Somewhere near was the grist mill to which all habitants must bring their grain to be ground, and of which the seignior took every fourteenth bushel as his pay.

The habitant's house followed the general plan of that of the seignior's, long and narrow with projecting eaves and high peaked dormer windows, whitewashed each year, a red roof, and among the green trees it is decidedly picturesque even to this day. There were but few windows as glass was a rarity. The cooking as well as heating was by the open fireplace. The habitant was, and in some respects still is, a

very independent person, for the family wove its own cloth, made its own shoes and the knitted toque of many colours, and grew its own tobacco, besides the general produce of the farm. Happy and contented in disposition, fond of music, especially that of the ballad and the dance, they enjoyed the long winter evenings.

The other great man of the seigniory was the curé, or priest, for generally the parish and the seigniory had the same boundaries. The church was near the seignior's manor house and often in the early days the curé and the seignior lived together. It was supported by a tax by which each habitant brought to the curé one-twenty-sixth of the grain he raised. In every way the church was the centre of the community life. In it all children were baptised, all marriages performed, and all burial services held. It was the source of all information on secular, as well as religious affairs, and the curé was the general counsellor of the parish as the seignior was the judge. Matters of local or national importance which could not be discussed in the church were explained after mass in front of the church, a custom which prevails to this day.

The seigniory was sometimes held, not by one man, but by a church corporation such as

the Order of the Jesuits, the Franciscans, or the Sulpicians. This reminds us of the feudal days in England when the Abbey was often as powerful a part of the man power of the army as was the Castle.

There were but two seigniories granted outside of what is known as the Province of Quebec. One of these was that given to La Salle at Frontenac (Kingston) and one granted to Repentigny at Sault Ste. Marie, both French settlements of importance. Cadillac, who founded Detroit, asked to be granted one on Lake Erie along the banks of the Grand River, and to have conferred upon him the title of Marquis, but he was unsuccessful in both requests.

CHAPTER XII.

STORIES WHICH ILLUSTRATE REFERENCES IN THIS BOOK

THE LIFE AND SPIRIT OF OLD ENGLAND AND OLD FRANCE DURING THESE TWO CENTURIES, AS TOLD IN STORY FORM :

OLD ENGLAND :

STRANG, HERBERT
With Drake on the Spanish Main.
(Frowde : Bobbs, Merrill.)*

BARNES, JAMES
"Drake and His Yeoman : a true account of the Character and Adventures of Sir Francis Drake as told by Sir Matthew Maunsell, his friend and follower."
(Macmillan.)

BULLEN, FRANK T.
"Sea Puritans:" the romance of the life of Admiral Blake.
(Hodder.)

HAYENS, HERBERT
"For Rupert and the King."
(S.P.C.K.)

McCHESNEY, DORA G.
"Rupert, by the Grace of God."
(Macmillan.)

KINGSLEY, CHARLES
"Westward Ho ! or Voyages and Adventures of Sir Aymas Leigh."
(Dent, *Everyman.*)

*Where possible the name of the publisher in England is given first, in America second.

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN

"Micah Clarke :" a rattling story of fights and adventures in the time of James II. and the Monmouth Rebellion (1685).

(Longmans.)

HENTY, G. A.

"A Cornet of Horse :" a tale of Marlborough's wars.

(Low : Scribner.)

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS

"Treasure Island." The nearest approach to a book for the youth of every age. Time of action supposed to be just before the fall of New France.

(Cassell : Scribners.)

OLD FRANCE :

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE

"Marguerite de Valois."

(Dent : Little, Brown.)

CROCKETT, S. R.

"The White Plumes of Navarre."

(Dodd, Mead.)

JAMES, G. P. R.

"Richelieu : Or a Tale of France."

(Dent, *Everyman*.)

WEYMAN, STANLEY

"A Gentleman of France." (Longmans.)

"Under the Red Robe." (Longmans.)

SOME STORIES WHICH HELP TO MAKE THE LIFE OF THESE TWO HUNDRED YEARS IN CANADA MORE VIVID AND REAL :

ALTSHELER, J. A.

"A Soldier of Manhattan." Seven Years' War, Royal American Regiment of New York, and Wolfe's Victory at Quebec.

(Smith Elder : Appleton.)

AUBERT DE GASPÉ, PHILIPPE

"Canadians of Old." (Appleton.)

"Cameron of Lochiel." A good account of French Canadians, translated by C. G. D. Roberts. (Page.)

BESANT, SIR WALTER AND JAMES RICE

"Le Chien d'Or." The same legend is in "The Golden Dog," by Kirby. It is in "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay ; and other stories." (Chatto : Dodd, Mead.)

BRERETON, CAPTAIN F. S.

"How Canada Was Won : A Tale of Wolfe and Quebec." (Blackie.)

BROWNE, G. W.

"With Rogers Rangers." Seven Years' War. (Page.)

BURTON, J. E. BLOUNDELLE

"The Hispaniola Plate." A treasure hunt in the West Indies by Sir William Phips, afterwards governor of Massachussetts. (Cassell.)

CANAVAN, M. J.

"Ben Comee : A Tale of Rogers Rangers." Attack on Fort Ticonderoga. (Macmillan.)

CATHERWOOD, MRS.

"The Romance of Dollard." Dollard, with his Hurons repulsing the Iroquois. (Unwin : Century.)

"The White Islander." A romance of the old Indian wars. (Unwin : Century.)

"The Chase of St. Castin." Seven tales of French Indian and English in the latter days of New France. (Houghton.)

"The Story of Tonty." (McClurg.)

CATHERWOOD, MRS.

"The Lady of Fort St. John." A story of Acadia.

COOPER, J. FENIMORE (Low : Houghton.)

"The Deer Slayer."
"The Path Finder."
"The Last of the Mohicans."

Famous romances noted for the wonderful description of forest, lake and prairie.

(Dent, *Everyman*.)

CRADDOCK, C. E.

"A Sceptre of Power." The struggles of the French and English in the Mississippi Valley.

(Houghton.)

CROWLEY, MARY C.

"A Daughter of New France : With some Account of the Gallant Sieur Cadillac and his Colony in Detroit." Brilliant picture of New France.

(Little, Brown.)

DICKSON, HARRIS

"The Black Wolf's Breed : A Story of France in the Old World and the New happening in the Reign of Louis XIV." Principal scene in Louisiana, and the main action is the capture by French and Indians of Pensacola from the Spaniards.

(Methuen : Bobbs, Merrill.)

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN

"The Refugees : A Tale of Two Continents." Of the time of Lousi XIV.

(Longmans : Harper.)

ELLIS, E. S.

"Pontiac, Chief of the Ottawas : A Tale of the Siege of Detroit."

(Cassell : Dutton.)

FOOTE, MARY H.

"The Royal Americans." Seven Years' War.

(Houghton.)

FOX, ALICE WILSON
"A Regular Madam." Two young ladies, one French, the other English, on their way from Europe to Quebec during Seven Years' War. (Macmillan.)

GORDON, W. J.
"Englishman's Haven : A Tale of Louisburg." (Warne : Appleton.)

GREEN, E. EVERETT
"The Young Pioneers : or with La Salle on the Mississippi." (Nelson.)
"French and English." Ticonderoga to capture of Quebec by Wolfe. (Nelson.)

GROSVENOR, JOHNSTON
"Strange Stories of the Great River." Stories of exploration on the Mississippi by Marquette and La Salle. (Harper.)

HENHAM, E. G.
"The Plowshare and the Sword : A Tale of Empire". Quebec, New England and Acadia. (Cassell.)

HAWORTH, P. L.
"The Path of Glory." Culminating with Wolfe's victory. (Ham Smith : Little, Brown.)

HENTY, G. A.
"With Wolfe in Canada : Or the Winning of a Continent." Braddock's defeat, to Quebec. (Blackie : Scribner.)

KALER, J. O.
"Boys of 1745 at the Capture of Louisburg." (Estes.)

KIRBY, WILLIAM
"The Golden Dog : A Romance of the Days of Louis Quatorze in Quebec." Historical romance rich in local colour. (Montreal News Co.)

LAUT, AGNES C.

"Heralds of Empire ; Being the Story of one Ramsay Stanhope, Lieutenant to Pierre Radisson in the Northern Fur Trade."

(Appleton.)

LIGHTHALL, W. D.

"Master of Life." An aboriginal romance, the early scene being at Hochelaga, the great Indian town visited by Cartier. There are no white men in the story. Later scenes are laid in the Mohawk country and the origin of the League of Nations (five, afterwards six) is developed in an interesting manner. (Musson)

MACHAR, AGNES M., AND T. G. MARQUIS.

"Stories of New France." Seventeen stories of historical interest. (Lothrop.)

MCLENNAN, WILLIAM AND JEAN N. MCILWRAITH

"The Span o' Life." 1745 Rebellion in Scotland ; Louisbourg and Quebec.

(Harper.)

MCPHAIL, ANDREW

"The Vine of Sibmah." Romance of a Cromwellian captain in Restoration times in quest of a London merchant's daughter in New England and New France.

(Macmillan.)

MERWIN, SAMUEL

"The Road to Frontenac."

(Murray : Doubleday.)

MOTT, LAWRENCE

"Jules of the Great Heart." In the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company.

(Heineman : Century.)

MUNROE, KIRK

"At War with Pontiac : A Tale of Redcoat and Redskin." (Blackie : Scribner.)

OXLEY, J. MACDONALD

"Fife and Drum at Louisburg. (Little, Brown.)

PARKER, SIR GILBERT

"The Seats of the Mighty." The memoirs of Captain Robert Moray, some time an officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterwards of Amherst's Regiment. Romance culminating in battle of Quebec.

(Methuen ; Appleton ; Copp, Clark, Toronto.)

PARKER, SIR GILBERT

"The Trail of the Sword." Romance of struggle between French and English, d'Iberville being central figure.

(Methuen : Appleton :
Copp, Clark, Toronto.)

POLLARD, ELIZA F.

"Roger the Ranger : A story of Border Life among the Indians." Fort William Henry, to capture of Quebec (1759).

(Partridge.)

PARRISH, RANDALL

"A Sword of the Old Frontier : A Tale of Fort Chartres and Detroit."

(Putnam : McClurg.)

ROBERTS, C. G. D.

"The Forge in the Forest." Acadia in the times of French and English wars.

(Paul : Silver, N.Y.)

"A Sister to Evangeline : The Story of Yvonne de Lamourie." At the time of the expulsion of the Acadians.

(Lane : Silver, N.Y.)

ROBERTS, THEODORE

"Brothers of Peril." A story of Old Newfoundland.

(Nash: Page.)

RICHARDSON, MAJOR JOHN

"Wacousta : A Tale of the Pontiac Conspiracy."
(McClurg : Musson, Toronto.)

SEAWELL, MOLLY E.
"The Virginia Cavalier." The youth of George Washington.
(Harper.)

SMITH, MRS. A. P.
"Montlivet." He was a chivalrous Frenchman who rescued the English heroine from the Indians in the days of Frontenac.
(Constable : Houghton.)

STEVENSON, B. E.
"A Soldier of Virginia : A Story of Colonel Washington and Braddock's Defeat." The defeat by the French at Fort Duquesne.
(Duckworth : Houghton.)

STRANG, HERBERT, AND G. LAWRENCE
"Roger, the Scout." England in the '45 and New England and New France during French wars.
(Frowde.)

STRANG, HERBERT
"Rob, the Ranger : A Story of the Fight for Canada."
(Frowde : Bobbs, Merrill.)

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE
"The Virginians." George Washington appears in this story.
(Dent, *Everyman*.)

TOMLINSON, E. T.
"A Soldier of the Wilderness." The fall of Fort Frontenac.
(Wilde, Boston.)

VAN ZILE, E. S.
"With Sword and Crucifix." Adventures of La Salle.
(Harper.)

WILSON, R. A.
"A Rose of Normandy." La Salle and Tonty in Mississippi Valley.
(Little, Brown.)

CHAPTER XIII.

POEMS WHICH ILLUSTRATE REFERENCES IN THIS BOOK

NOTE.—The author, title and first lines of the poems are given, except in the case of "Richelieu."

MILLER, JOAQUIN

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores
Behind the Gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
For lo ! the very stars are gone.
Brave admiral, speak, what shall I say ?"
"Why, say 'Sail on ! sail on ! and on !' "

McGEE, HON. THOMAS D'ARCY

JACQUES CARTIER.

"In the seaport of Saint Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away ;
In the crowded old Cathedral, all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas ;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear."

Songs of the Great Dominion, edited by W. D. Lighthall. (Walter Scott.)

DRUMMOND, W. H. The Habitant (Putnam.)

THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE".

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood-scow "Julie Plante,"
Got scar't an' run below.

KEATS, JOHN

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft, of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne :
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH

EVANGELINE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

CARMAN, BLISS CHAMPLAIN. (Mitchell Kennerley)

"When the sweet summer days
Come to New England, and the south wind plays
Over the forests, and the tall tulip trees
Lift up their chalices
Of delicate orange green
Against the blue serene," etc.

The Rough Rider and other Poems.

LYTTON, SIR EDWARD BULWER

RICHELIEU.

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel,—
I am not ; I am just ! I found France rent asunder—
The rich men despots, and the poor, banditti ;—
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple ;
Brawls festering to Rebellion ; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths,—
I have re-created France ; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phœnix-like to Jove !—What was my art.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON

THE BATTLE OF IVRY (1590)

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn fields green, and sunny vines,
oh, pleasant land of France !

MOORE, THOMAS

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

HEMANS, FELICIA

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS—(1620)

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

BROWNING, R. HERVÉ RIEL (1692)

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

PICKTHALL, MARJORIE

PÈRE LALEMANT.

I lift the Lord on high,
Under the murmuring hemlock boughs, and see
The small birds of the forest lingering by
And making melody.
These are mine acolytes and these my choir,
And this mine altar in the cool green shade.
The Drift of Pinions. (Lane.)

SULLIVAN, ALAN

BREBEUF AND LALEMANT.

Came Jean Brebeuf from Rennes in Normandy
To preach the written word in Sainte Marie—
The Ajax of the Jesuit enterprise,
Huge, dominant and bold—augustly wise.

JOHNSON, PAULINE THE ARCHER.

Stripped to the waist, his copper coloured skin
Red from the smouldering heat of hate within,
Lean as a wolf in winter, fierce of mood—
As all wild things that hunt for foes, or food.
Flint and Feather (Musson, Toronto.)

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Should you ask me whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?

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